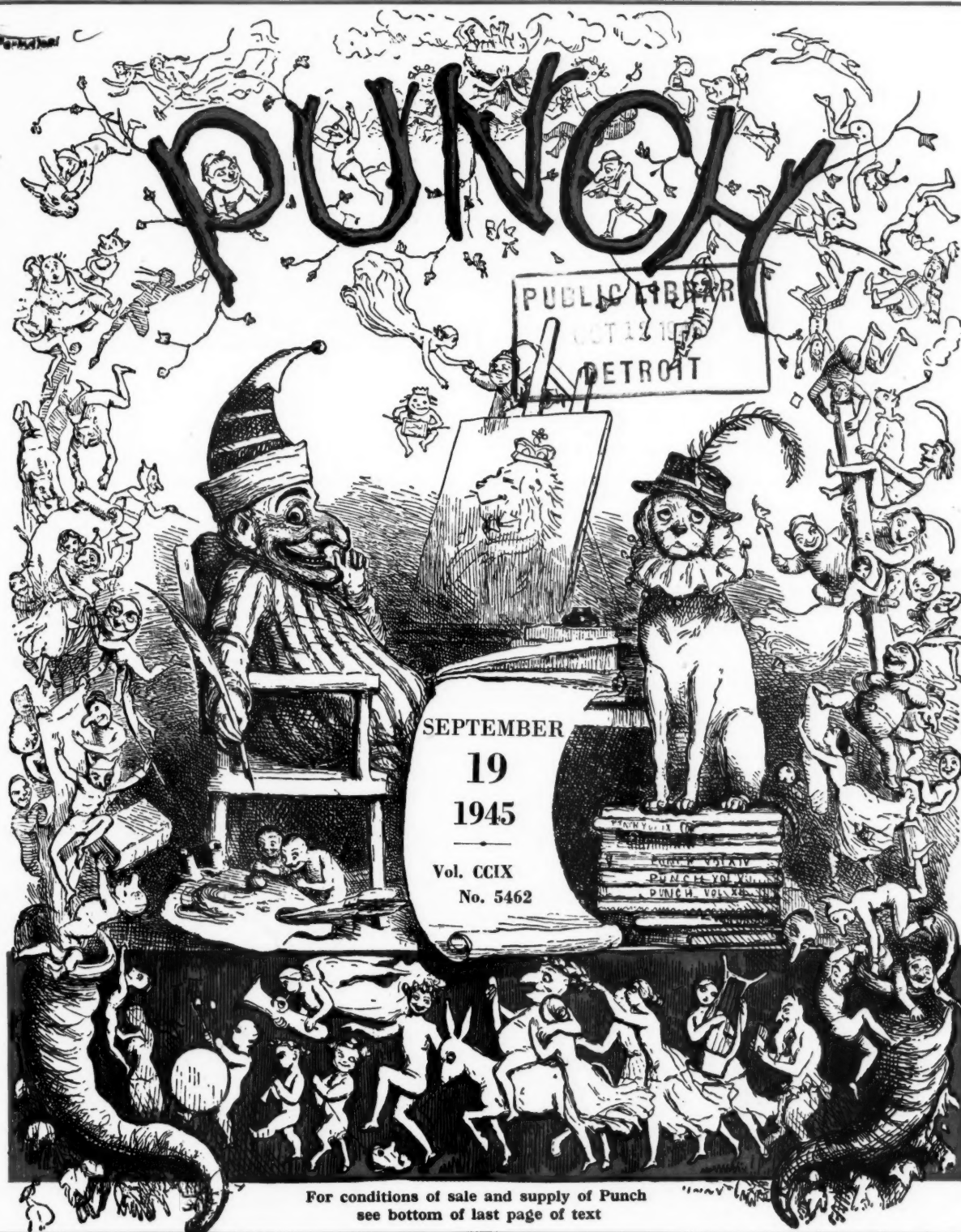


ONE OF THE MANY  
Contributions by **DUNLOP**

**THE TANKS.**

Dunlop developed rubber-tired wheels for tanks and tracked vehicles and produced nearly 1,000,000.

5H/160



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch  
see bottom of last page of text

Fit **Triplex**—and be safe  
Reg'd

# Sports Appeal



Swan

● STYLISH AND STURDY BY  
CROCKETT & JONES, NORTHAMPTON



MANUFACTURERS OF  
'SWAN' SHOES & 'HEALTH' SHOES  
CVS-III



BY APPOINTMENT  
TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED

SUPPLIERS OF GRAMOPHONES  
RECORDS AND RADIO APPARATUS

"His Master's Voice" leadership in tonal quality  
and purity of reproduction is no accident . . .  
It has been won—and held—by the finest  
research organization in the radio industry.



**"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"**

*Radio and Television*

Preparing  
to be a  
Beautiful  
Lady



Surprise, surprise! Peggy has been hiding, but Daddy took such a long time to find her that she just *had* to pop out. A romp with Peggy is the nightly custom—just before bath time—then Mummy comes to carry Peggy off for her evening beauty treatment. That lovely skin must be cared for, and Mummy knows the secret—Pears Soap and clear water, the secret of Preparing to be a Beautiful Lady.

## PEARS SOAP

*We regret that Pears Transparent Soap is in short supply just now.*

A. & F. Pears Ltd.

GG 376/96



Specially prepared by  
Abdulla for all lovers of  
the American style cigarette.

**Fifth Avenue . 20 for 2/4**

173 New Bond Street, W.1





**Q..** Does the drive for fuel efficiency still apply?

**A..** It never applied more urgently, for now is our last chance to build up stocks of coal for the winter.

**Q..** But what can I do about it? Surely it's a job for the expert.

**A..** Yes and No. The expert is needed to get down to details, but you can easily familiarise yourself with the broad principles.

**Q..** How do I set about it? I can see to the simple things like switching off lamps and radiators, but I have done that for years. What else can I do?

**A..** The Ministry of Fuel and Power has issued about 40

bulletins. You don't need to read them all but you can, and should, see that your technical staff act on them. Get them out of that drawer, or wherever they are, and show your staff that you are anxious that something should be done.

**Q..** But won't it cost money?

**A..** Sometimes it will cost a little. That is where you come in. Let the staff know that you will be sympathetic to appeals for expenditure that can be economically justified. Then let them know the results achieved and don't stint your appreciation.



ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FUEL AND POWER

# FINE, THANKS!

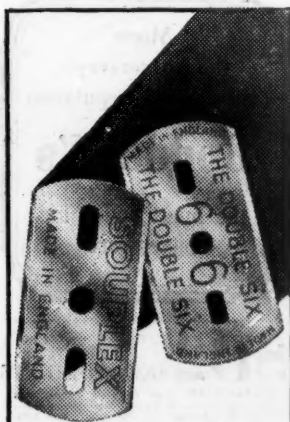
We eat something crisp and crunchy every day.



When we can get it, we prefer

## RYVITA

CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD



With a SOUPLEX blade or a DOUBLE SIX You're shaved and spruce in a couple of ticks

Millions of these famous blades still go to the Forces at home and overseas. Small supplies are available for the public from time to time. Souplex Ltd., Morecambe, Lancashire.

*Famous for Fine Quality*

LIMITED SUPPLIES FROM FAMILY GROCERS

Smee's



The quality of Burgess Sauces, Fish and Meat Pastes & Essence of Anchovies is the standard by which other similar high class foods are judged.

JOHN BURGESS & SON LTD. ESTABLISHED 1760



Hythe Rd., Willesden Junction, N.W. 10



## EAT WITH RELISH!



APPETITE is the best sauce, they say! If you lack it, Yorkshire Relish gives it. If you have it, you get double enjoyment with Yorkshire Relish. Its rich fruity flavour makes meals more tasty.

### FOR A NEW TASTE IDEA

Boar tried Tinned Salmon with Yorkshire Relish—Thin? Something different!

## Yorkshire Relish

Under wartime zoning  
**THICK and THIN**, up North  
**THIN only**, down South

Made by Goodall, Backhouse & Co. Ltd., Leeds,  
makers of famous sauces for 80 years. (44)

### Your Hair Brush rebristled—

I specialise in replacing bristles in worn brushes. Forward your Ivory, Silver or Ebony brushes, when quotation will be sent by return of post.

**JOHN HASSALL,**  
Brush and Mirror Manufacturer,  
(Dept. L.)

64 St. Paul's Churchyard, LONDON, E.C.4

### GREENS LTD

Cigar & Wine Merchants  
37 & 38 Royal Exchange, Cornhill,  
London, E.C.3

We hope to resume offering  
Wines of all descriptions in  
the near future.

Meanwhile we have pleasure in  
offering a limited quantity of  
Cigars.

### "CARASADA"

Intermezzo size, 5½ inches long, at  
60/- per box of 50, post free.

## FORTHCOMING ATTRACTION!

**Vantella**  
SHIRTS—TO MATCH  
"VAN HEUSEN"  
COLLARS

## Plans have been made . . .

The Main Line Railways will, as soon as materials and man-power permit, clean up and re-paint the existing trains, stations and equipment. Engines, carriages and wagons of obsolete types retained for the war effort will be scrapped. Few passenger carriages were built during the war, but long term programmes for new trains and rolling stock are ready for the post-war period.

GWR · LMS



LNER · SR

Do your teeth  
complete your  
charm?



the answer's on the  
tip of your tongue

Use Pepsodent. Then feel with your tongue how its super-cleansing Irium has flushed stain-collecting film away.

1/3 & 2/2. Also  
made in powder  
form



On every polished floor

use **NON-SLIP**  
**Furmoto**  
FLOOR CREAM



**GUARANTEED 100% NON-SLIP**

Furmoto shines floors like glass—produces a hard, tread-proof and water-proof surface on any kind of flooring and linoleum—yet on it you can't slip an inch. Because of this it is the only polish you should use. Avoid accident claims as a result of anyone falling on slippery floors. You are absolutely safe with Furmoto, for with every tin is given

**£100 FREE INSURANCE AGAINST SLIPPING**

Sold in tins, 1/6, and larger sizes at Oilshops, Grocers, Ironmongers, Stores, etc.

**Furmoto non-slip FLOOR CREAM**

Awarded 64 Gold Medals.

In case of difficulty write for name of nearest stockist to:  
**FURMOTO CHEMICAL CO., 1-3, Brixton Road, S.W.9**

To preserve your shoes. Polish them  
with **SOLITAIRE** Shoe Polish de Luxe.

More  
than a century's  
untarnished reputation

**Goddard's**

the finest polish for  
Silverware

**SD2** for the treatment  
of  
**SKIN AILMENTS**

**GUARANTEE:** Cost refunded if not satisfied, on return of empty bottle to makers. Price 5/- (pocket size 2/6, family size 4/6). If your Chemist cannot supply write to—

**BIO-COLLOIDS LTD.**  
Bridgewater Laboratories  
ALTRINCHAM · Cheshire

**CORNS**  
MOVE THEM  
WITH  
**Hobson's Choice**  
CORN POWDERS

The Old-established remedy—3-7 days' treatment. From Chemists, Stores, etc. Plaisters 2d. Powders 1½d.



**For our  
throats'  
sake**



**CRAVEN  
'A'**

10-1/2 20-2/4



**CARRERAS**  
150 years'  
reputation for  
**QUALITY**

CA 1158



## WHY NOT TREAT YOUR DOG as breeders have treated theirs—for over 45 years?

Breeders know how to keep a dog's system, coat and eye in sparkling form—how to keep him strongly resistant to ailments and infections. That is why some of the most famous kennels in the world have used a certain dog mixture exclusively for over 45 years.

To-day that self-same mixture is being made—and

guaranteed—by the manufacturers of Britain's most famous dog-food.

So, if you are worried about your dog's general condition, or because he occasionally gets off colour, don't worry any more. Put him on this "professionally approved" dog mixture—and see what it does to him!

**'CHAPPIE'**  
THE "PROFESSIONALLY APPROVED"

**DOG  
MIXTURE**



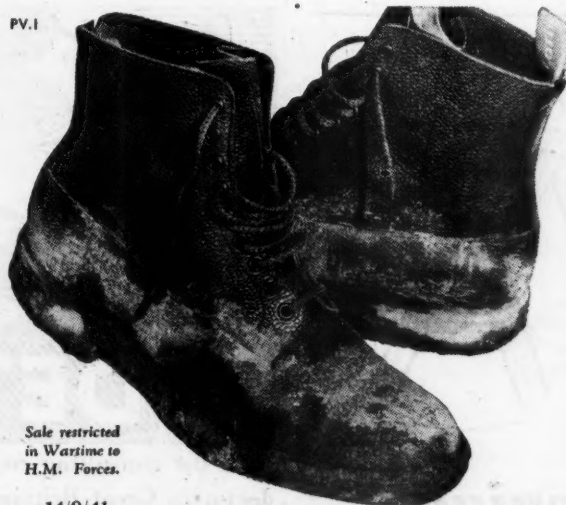
(Prepared according to the famous original Tinker formula.)

2/3 per bottle (inc. tax)

from CHEMISTS, PET STORES, CORN CHANDLERS.

(If you have any difficulty in getting supplies write to Chappie Ltd. (P.) Slough, Bucks.)

PV.1



Sale restricted  
in Wartime to  
H.M. Forces.

14/9/41.

This pair of Lotus Veldtschoen were bought exactly 20 years ago this month. They have been worn regularly throughout every winter and have withstood all weathers without the slightest indication of letting in water. The uppers are still in excellent condition.

**LOTUS**  
**Veldtschoen**  
**GUARANTEED WATERPROOF**



BY APPOINTMENT TO  
H.M. KING GEORGE VI.

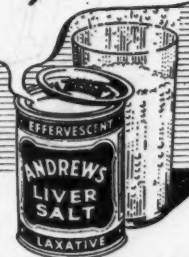
**Bromley**  
Makers of  
**FINE SOAPS**  
for Fifty Years

*The name  
which has  
become a  
tradition in  
fine soap  
making*



H. BROMLEY & CO. LTD.  
LONDON W.1

**Andrews for  
INNER  
CLEANLINESS**  
helps to keep  
you fit



See how Andrews cleanses the entire system:

**FIRST**... Andrews refreshes the mouth and helps to clean the tongue.

**NEXT**... Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

**THEN**... Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

**FINALLY** for Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels, relieves Constipation, and purifies the blood.

For Inner Cleanliness be regular with your

**ANDREWS**  
Family size tin 2/-

**Guaranteed to contain 8 ozs.**

(56-12)

*Get it  
at  
Harrods*

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1



HEAD AND SHOULDERS ABOVE THE REST

## GREYS CIGARETTES

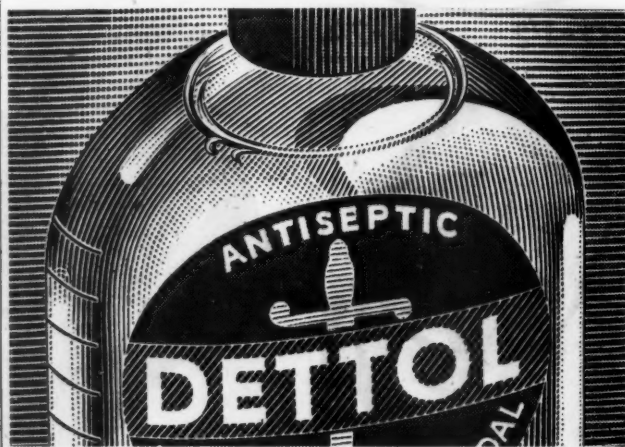
*Just honest-to-goodness tobacco*

— Issued by Godfrey Phillips Limited —

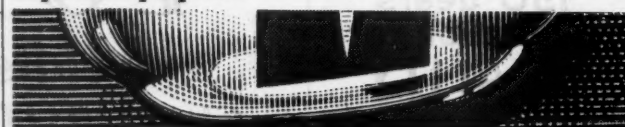


**'Good Mornings'  
begin with  
Gillette**

Yes, you feel like the man on the flying trapeze after shaving with blades so good-tempered as these! Blue Gillette 3d each, 'Standard' Gillette (plain steel) 2d each, including Purchase Tax.



In the consulting room or surgery of almost every doctor in Great Britain there is a bottle of 'Dettol'. In the operating theatres and wards of our great hospitals, surgeons and nurses today use more 'Dettol' than ever. In the home, too, 'Dettol' is invaluable, but whilst hospital needs are great, and your chemist's stocks are small, please use 'Dettol' only for the more important purposes.





# PUNCH

or

*The London Charivari*



Vol. CCIX No. 5462

September 19 1945

## Charivaria

THE real irony of the Ensa controversy is that it is now beginning to entertain lots of people for the first time.

Scarcity of cigarettes has so far eased the match shortage that winter will be cheered by the knowledge that we've at least a lucifer to kindle the fire we've no fuel for.



### The First Cast

"LADY BEGINNER wishes to learn all about ANGLING with Expert. Box 692." — *Advt. in "Aberdeen Press and Journal."*

A correspondent says he recently purchased a tobacco jar, an ash-tray, a packet of pipe-cleaners, some flints for his lighter, remarked it was a fine day and patted the tobacconist's little boy on the head. Still, it was worth trying.

A boy of fifteen has written a best-seller. He means to start his career where others haven't the sense to leave off.

A salvage chief tells us that we shall still want all the old rags we can get. But since the clothing coupon position deteriorated our rag and bone man simply won't part with any.

Pig-swill now reaches an annual sale of £1,000,000 in this country. It's a sweeping statement, but not everybody can eat at home.

It is now hoped to hold the first post-war summer in 1946.

An American sports promoter is experimenting with pig-racing. Punters who are rash at the dogs will probably be rasher at this.

A provincial performance of the *Beggar's Opera* contains a reference to A.R.P. It just shows how dated the latter has become.

Many problems will arise in connection with the nationalization of coal-mines and railways. Passengers, for instance, will be reluctant to leave their cosy waiting-room fires to board their punctual trains.

The British people can take it to such a degree that if there was another war they would still try to win.

Hens have had their basic rations increased. No doubt someone will profit by it, even if it's only the worms.

"If there is a burglar in the house, ring up the police station; there is always somebody there," we are told. There may even be somebody at the telephone exchange.

"I take my children to the Zoo and tell them stories about the animals," says a correspondent. The little ones never tire of hearing the tale of how, back in '39, an elephant gave him a banana.

### The Young Idea

"One of the youngest to go will be Keith Manwaring, the three-weeks-old son of Mrs. A. Manwaring, of Canton-Street, Poplar, who said, "I have not missed hop-picking yet and I fully intend not to miss it." — *Evening paper.*

Dust-storms have interfered with aerial transport in Persia. Owing to the shortage of vacuum-cleaners magic carpets haven't been spring-cleaned for years.





## Trafalgar Square

LET me not have about me this September  
 Although the memory of far days is sweet  
 Old comrades who persistently remember  
 The things I used to eat—  
 The cars of other years long since grown rusty—  
 The shoes, the shirts of elegant design—  
 The clothing and the hats—the hats are dusty,  
 Only the trousers shine.

Tell me I have to make my exports double  
 And skimp and pare and scrape as best I can.  
 I never did export much—that's the trouble—  
 Being a sad, shy man.  
 So be it: high about the banners waving  
 I seem to hear the voice of Nelson say:  
 Put in the forefront of your battle "saving"—  
 "Stint" is the word to-day.

But let me for the future be forgetful  
 Of the long glittering chain that memory weaves,  
 This is no hour in which to seem regretful  
 (Suits can be made of leaves):  
 Money has sailed away across the blue pond  
 My socks are all in holes. But I shall buy  
 And fasten round my neck a single-coupon'd  
 And somewhat gaudy tie. EVOE.

## Gardening

I AM writing this article for those people who say they are awfully fond of gardening; that is, for those people who do it more or less under orders but feeling fine. As for the real gardeners, they are not the sort to read with much patience what they know already (not like ordinary people, who simply love it), but they may like to check up on the facts, which I shall start on right away.

Grass-cutting is a very important part of gardening. For one thing it takes so long that there is often no time to have to do anything else, and for another it is apt to charge the grass-cutter with an enthusiasm for the surrounding flower-beds, it being a short step from scraping the grass-cuttings from the edges to starting to pull up the most noticeable weeds, and from there to pulling up all the weeds and some of the smaller plants. I shall talk about weeding later. Another undoubted fact is that when once the grass is mown a garden looks more or less gardened. Grass-mowing needs no special skill beyond a straight eye—by which I mean the capacity to think very hard of nothing at all except when it suddenly becomes necessary to pull out of a crisis—and someone else's organizing ability. By this I mean the capacity to explain where the lawn-mower is kept without having to fetch it.

The conventional method of mowing a lawn is in strips, up one way and down another, but most grass-mowers are neurotically keen—they would not be doing it if they were not so—and like to go over everywhere twice and overlap every strip by two-thirds the width of the machine, but if they can see dim wavy bands when they have finished

it counts as efficient. Only very feckless mowers leave ridges of uncut grass between bands, and only very tough mentalities can mow through daisies without reminding themselves that they are being reminded of Wordsworth, who invented them. Other thoughts which come to mowers are satisfaction at the chopped grass flying into the box in front, poetic if rather obvious pleasure at the smell, and the consciousness that they themselves are providing that whirring sound they have so often enjoyed from others. They will indeed be lucky if they get through the first two strips without someone shouting something about it from another part of the garden. After the first dozen strips someone else is fairly sure to offer to take over; it may even be the person clipping the edges with a pair of blunt shears. But it is as possible for grass-mowers as for anyone else to say they are enjoying themselves in a voice which implies that they are not really, and thus to carry on or hand over without being any more selfish than they are. (This is the sort of thing which makes psychologists wonder why they bother about humanity when it can so easily look after itself.) The only other thing I need say about mowing is that every so often you have to take the box off the machine and empty it into the wheelbarrow. This is as much fun as anything else which means walking there and back over and over again. As for rolling, which is to mowing what ironing is to the sort of washing that does not really need ironing, all I have to say here is that the two halves of a roller are separate to make it easier to turn round, so we can see how difficult a roller would be to turn round if the halves were not separate.

Next in importance to grass-mowing comes weeding the flower-beds and the paths. There are two main classes of path, the gravel or earth kind and the brick or paved kind with cracks between for weeds. The only way of weeding either kind is to get the weeds out. Flower-beds are more complicated because weeds and small plants do not really look alike enough to exempt anyone pulling up the plants from feeling very sorry if caught. But there is a rule of sorts that anything very small and flimsy with no roots to speak of will not be missed. My readers will ask, what about dandelions? I am coming to these now, and what I have to say is that it is not quite true that the good weeders are judged by how much dandelion root they get up; it is the bad weeders who are judged by how much they leave in—and judged by themselves. Even weeders of paved paths cannot leave a dandelion root in without feeling uncomfortably aware that they have gone back on their early upbringing. What makes it all so sad is that no one has ever got up even a whole dandelion root without feeling a tug at the other end which indicates that the root has left something behind for next time. Weeds, by the way, go into a trug and end on a weed-heap with the scissors which were in the bottom of the trug to begin with. Weeders can use a trowel, a small fork, or a hoe, according to what the others are using; if the handle comes off a hoe anyone can mend it by asking someone else to, but if you break a prong off a fork there is no way of dealing with it except by apologizing; the apology need not be quite as abandoned as most apologies for breaking things, because the very act of gardening for someone else puts the gardener about a trowel-break above par anyway.

One of the easiest gardening jobs is cutting off dead flowers. Even the ignorant can identify a dead flower as something which would be thrown away if it were in a vase; though after a bit the cutter will be tempted to cut off the live flowers too, to save having to do it later, but will be stopped by the way they show up in the trug. The cutter will have a slight doubt that some of the dead flowers would not have been left so long if they were not considered



### EXPIATION

"Never mind your ancestors. You have to atone for your crimes at the shrine of humanity."



I O N I C U S

"... Don't fence me in ..."

ornamental or useful for seed, but this can be got over by leaving a batch here and there and going back for them later. Dead roses are difficult, not so much because of the thorns as because roses to an amateur mean pruning, and pruning is a process almost as mystical as dewponds. Rambler roses too high to reach need a step-ladder, which brings me to the interesting point that in gardens, as in restaurants, anything wooden on four legs will wobble, and for the same reason—that baffling universal element known to those up against it as Life. Roses and other tough flowers are cut with a pair of secateurs—a showy word, and one which even the ignorant can pronounce without knowing why.

Another funny gardening word is that stuff used for tying up plants—stuff which everyone knows to be bass, everyone thinks of as bass, and nearly everyone calls raffia. It is kept in a bunch which has got so tangled by people tugging bits out of it that the only way to get bits out is by tugging; this is another occasion when gardeners feel false to their upbringing, and relates to their early efforts to cut string before being made to untie it. Plant-tying calls also for those thin earthy bamboos, frayed at the ends, which occur nowhere else in life unless they have been borrowed from the garden shed; because of its functional equipment and quick results it is a popular form of amateur gardening and the direct opposite of edge-cutting with shears. There are, by the way, some very

advanced shears with multiple blades which most gardeners unconsciously associate with the sort of pen that writes six lines at once, but they do not make shearing any easier, because nothing makes bending down and sawing with your arms any easier, except stopping for a rest. But luckily gardening as a whole, like lawn-mowing, generates enthusiasm, and the sort of person who sets out to do half an hour to keep a garden-owner quiet is precisely the sort who will carry on till sunset; and psychologists are rather keen on this generated enthusiasm, because they say that without it the main business of gardening would have to be done by the people who do it anyway.

o o

### Grand Hotel, Germany

YOU drank from Venetian glasses, in the Gold Room, twelve years back.

A cigarette was a challenge as you slipped it from the pack, And ten men leaped to light it, and the last man got the sack.

The gold has peeled from the Gold Room; it is good-bye to all that.

You smoke in a nervous silence; you rise to reclaim your hat, And ten men leap at your ash-tray, and the first man's trodden flat.



## My Displaced Person

WHAT is a Displaced Person like? He is a man of thirty, oddly suited, outlandishly spoken, hungry for cigarettes, indifferently shaved and hailing from some imprescriptible part of Central Europe. He is patriotic about the hat, neutral in the jacket and hostile about the breeches. He is volubly incoherent in German and native, violent in pantomime and onomatopoeia. He is stored with dates and durations. He has an exact memory for things of no possible interest (for he is a simple son of the soil) and a passionate desire to ascribe to its exact month an event that his explanations impenetrably cloak. Then he'll be leaping away into a dance-routine of falling bombs, *Bong! bong! bong!* and spraying bullets *Brr! brr! brr!* Or he power-dives with glazed eyes and telescopes into an air-raid shelter. *Amerikanische!* He reels, mortally wounded, and then wipes his brow from a narrow escape. If you are experienced with them you know your cue now. "Hamburg?" you ask. "Jena." Ah, yes, Jena. You thought as much. "Ja, Jena, ja. Me arbeiter": then, obscurely, "sesty marns." That is European for sixteen months. "One vrouw, drie kinderen." He learned that English from a Dutchman. One wife he has and three children. "Me arbeiter: verstand?" You understand. He is an imported slave-worker from Nazi-occupied Europe, now Enlarged and—there's a certain tone about it—Displaced. "Ja," he says contentedly, "sesty marns."

To get this man and the eight million others to their hearths is a labour for Hercules. In practice it is usually left to Unrra. Or to me. For I have that in me—a fatal approachableness—that makes me the natural target for people who want to know the time on the beach or the way in the Tube. But I am not so good on the way to Ruritania. I am not so good either on how to get my Ruritanian a change of clothes, some cigarettes, a letter to his wife, or an identity card. And they, poor floating exiles, need all these things. Especially cigarettes.

So it was with misgiving that I responded the other day to a greeting in European by the Weser and turned to find a Displaced Person, elaborately stiffened with hospital plaster. "Good night!" said the apparition. "Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "How did you do that?" "Amerikanische bomberen." And sure enough, away he went into

the routine. When he was convalescent again I asked him what he would. "Der Kommandant," said the apparition, panting a little, and pitched into a long yarn in gesture and German and dialect Ruritanian and incredible English, the burden of which was that he was in a German hospital and he wanted clothes (he'd borrowed these to come out in), and could I show him the way to go home. Now this is where I ought to have said No. "Approach," I should have said, "somebody who understands your problem and commands the means to solve it." But I *will* be helpful, and so I let myself in. "Kom," I said in his own tongue. He kom.

"You cigarettes?" he asked as we walked. "I buy." "No." "Nein?" "Nein." I'm a non-smoker, but it's too subtle a concept to put over in gestures. "Unrra," I said, "that's what you want." "Nix Hungar," he replied. "Unrra," I said. "The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Association for Displaced Europeans." "Nix verstand." "No," I said, "I feared that. Listen," I said, "Unrra gut. Gut for you. Gut fuer arbeiters. Verstand?" "Oh, ja, ja." We were now at the Town Major's.

Behind the reception desk sat four interpreters ringed with a polyglot throng in civvies and khaki. One was a German, one a Russian, the third a Dutchman, the fourth a Pole. The end of the room was filled with obedient Germans. I have never seen so many foreigners.

"This chap," I said, "is a Central European, deported into Nazi Germany and involuntarily domiciled in a German hospital."

"In short," said the Russian, "a D.P. I will speak to him in his own tongue." They talked in a roar of vowels and explosion of consonants.

"To Unrra he must go," said the Russian in English. I tried to harden my heart, but all that plaster softened me. "I'll take him," I said. "He has no papers," replied the Russian (trust my peasant not to), "so I will give him a permit to cross the river." He went for a permit. Thereon the young German interpreter nodded across to my Ruritanian and said in slow but exquisite English, "He has broken his bloody arm." This astounding echo of Eliza Doolittle left me speechless, and he added—that I might miss nothing of his idiomatic fluency—"It is a bloody nasty mess." "It is," I agreed. "Them that dropped the

bombs done him in." "Please?" "No matter," I said. My man came back with the permit. We all shook hands and parted. "Cigarettes?" asked the peasant hopefully. "At Unrra," I said, with more assurance than knowledge.

We came to a house which I thought was it but which proved to be its officers' quarters. An incomprehensible Flemish-speaking batman came to the door and I was explaining in European what we wanted when the situation was complicated by a Scots sergeant on a motor-bike who wanted to borrow a spanner to slacken (I think) his tappets. In a trice we had all fallen to mending his bike, my peasant in the middle, till I called the meeting to order and induced the babbling batman to escort us to his H.Q. This was very Bedlam. The Fleming explained us to a Yugo-Slav sitting with a Russian woman in a car. He nodded. He explained us to her. She nodded. And then they drove off. To Yugo-Slavia, maybe, for they never came back. We now explained ourselves to a Belgian officer. Could he help? He could and he would.

"I can give him a coat and trousers and boots and a hat," he said in careful English.

"Good," I said. "Then give him a coat and trousers, give him boots and a hat."

"Cigarettes?" queried the peasant eagerly.

"But not to-day," said the officer. "He must be enregistered. You see, anyone could come here."

"Enregister him then," I said.

"To-morrow, yes. But see all those people waiting?" He pointed to a sea of hatchet-faces in the courtyard. "They wait to go home," he said.

It speaks for this worthy officer that he could have given so much attention to one of its ripples.

"I will tell him in his own language," said he. Everyone could talk to my peasant but me. The Ruritanian shrugged at the delay and brightened at the prospect of boots. "Please," he said. I knew what was coming. "Cigarettes?"

The officer unlocked a drawer and gave him a handful.

A broad and blissful smile came over the peasant's face. "Plenty good!" he exclaimed. He blew out a satisfied cloud of smoke. "I will wait," he said.

## Economic Slang—A Glossary

**D**OZENS of times during this past season at Lord's I have been cornered during an interval or at the fall of a wicket by parents anxious to obtain information supplementary to that contained in these instalments of the glossary. I have never once been allowed to forget my work for more than thirty or forty runs. Common courtesy has compelled me to do my best for these people, but in the circumstances it has always been a poor best. It is not easy to switch the mind from cricket to economics and remain sweetly reasonable. The two pastimes are as different as chalk and cheese.

Very well, then. Let me now offer to anxious mothers whatever apologies are necessary and the following more comprehensive answers to their questionnaire.

Yes, there are vacancies for economists of the right sort; and likely to be for many a long day to come. Economics are booming as never before. People, everywhere, are tired of the war and desperately anxious to relax constructively. We live in stirring times; one era is in twilight, another is dawning, and in the half-light the economists are abroad. They have tremendous opportunities.

The young aspirant to economic prosperity should look first to his paper qualifications. A graduate of one of the fashionable "refineries" like Boskett's, the Frayd School or Hevilly's has an infinitely better start

than a man or woman fresh from the universities. The fees at Boskett's are stiff—£350 per term (stationery and physical training extras), but the amount is not all dead loss. The curriculum includes such subjects as Practical Taxation and Derating, which begin to pay handsome dividends almost as soon as the first lesson is completed.

There are, or used to be, a few good finishing schools on the Continent—chiefly in Central Europe—and the young economist who has just bought himself a practice will find it a distinct advantage if he has just a *souçon* of accent to add to his economics vocabulary. Before the war Vienna and Budapest were very popular, since good original doctorate theses could be picked up very cheaply in their side-streets. The new centres will probably be Sloj (18,500 feet; rateable value, £89,000), Muhk (Pro-British; casino; market day, Wednesday) and perhaps Umminioli.

I cannot stress too strongly the importance of the cultural side of the young economist's apprenticeship. Year after year thousands of other-wise first-class graduates fluff their first viva voce because they have never troubled to acquaint themselves with the do's and don'ts of polite economic society. How many of my readers could say off-hand, I wonder, whether an economist who offers his seat to a lady while travelling on some official mission should claim additional or

compensating subsistence expenses? Whether he should pass the port round or under the table? Or whether he should use his wife's maiden name on cheques and promissory notes? Very few, I imagine.

To the budding economist I would say: Study the styles of the masters. Try to discover the devices by which their effects are achieved. See how their English flows round their graphs and statistical tables and how they reserve the stringiest bits for footnotes and addenda. Do not be afraid to borrow, if that keeps interest alive, but do it within the sterling area. Say what you have to say and then, in as many different ways as possible, keep on saying it. No reader likes to be forever turning back to see what you said before.

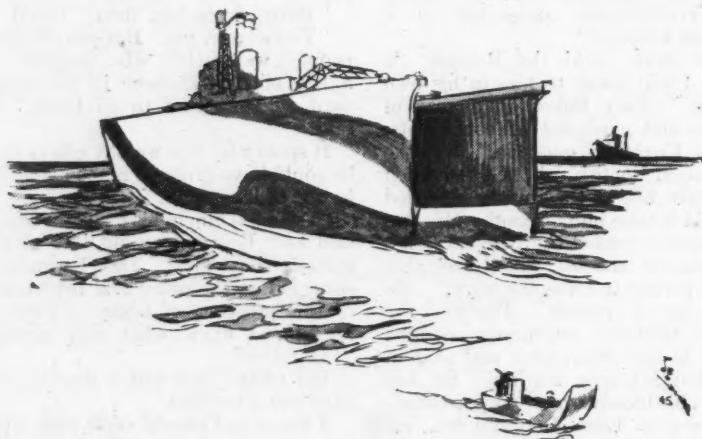
And, above all, make the most careful study of my glossary, another instalment of which begins almost immediately.

**Equilibrium.** This is the state of suspended animation in a market when demand is equal to supply, or when the customer is equal to the trader for once. In peace-time the customer is all-powerful ("The customer is always right"); in war-time the shopkeeper is top dog ("The customer is always light"). During the weary period of transition there is inevitably just one fleeting moment when the hard facts of economics determine that shopper and shopkeeper are on an equal footing. Then a state of equilibrium exists, and it should be worth going a long way to see.

**Economic Man.** A useful expression which helps us to classify those gainfully occupied. It is not to be confused with the term Working Man—something altogether different. To the specialist the W.M. is merely a matter of production man-hours, whereas E.M. is a complicated business of margins, consumer preferences, undisclosed assets and unearned increments. Economic Man may be superseded eventually by Atomic Man.

**Bullion.** A term used to describe gold and silver as such rather than as coinage. The word comes from the French *bouillon* (soup) and is often used incorrectly as a synonym for scratch, dough, spondulicks and rubble.

HOB.



"There goes one of them docks wot docks the docks wot docks these things."

"An addict is a fish you can get cured."  
Schoolboy's definition.

But can you?



## Urgent Letter

From Captain Oscar Symphon,  
Marooned in Kugombaland.

VJ plus 14

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—A firm offer from an extremely polite gentleman named Nabongo Gulango to build me a hut in his village at an all-in cost of two hundred and eighty shillings (East African) and to include rights of banana-stalking has severely shaken my previous intention to return and die in the land of my birth as soon as Mr. Attlee and his friends can manage to cope with my Age Group.

Ever since VE Day heralded the dawn I have been writing frantic letters to so-called friends in England appealing for guidance as to accommodation prospects in London and environs towards the end of December. The only constructive reply came from a second-cousin in Bethnal Green who said that I could have his Anderson shelter if I could find it, but that since the third or fourth H.E. it had been bent very considerably, and since the VI it had not been seen, though he had made journeys as far as Hackney in an attempt to identify it by a brown Worcester sauce stain just by the door dating from a party the night after Alamein.

All this is made more maddening by the fact that accommodation came very close only a few evenings ago in the bar of Gore's Hotel in Nairobi, where one changes trains for Kugombaland. I had popped in for a few minutes to lighten my luggage by distributing a few temperance leaflets among the foolish slaves of the bottle, and after a lot of persuasion I accepted the offer of one of the slaves to join him in a single lime and soda.

We found that we were both Age Group 21 and this naturally formed a firm bond, the main occupation out here of course being speculation as to dates of release. After the fifth lime and soda I overcame my natural reserve sufficiently to unburden my soul to him.

"Nowhere to live?" he said. "Come and pig it with me, old boy!"

He went on to describe his home in great detail. To class it as one of the stately homes of England would be to cast a slur on it. It seemed to be a mixture of Blenheim Palace, a West End hotel, and a human rabbit-warren without the rabbits.

"There will only be my wife and myself and Uncle Ebenezer living there after the war," he said, "as I understand the three thousand clerks of the Ministry of Nuts and Bolts will be devacuated by the time 21 Group gets home. And if you find that Uncle Ebenezer takes up too much space I will send him back to his castle in Yorkshire. It will mean his gardener moving out of the state suite, but these civilians must be prepared to rough it when the fighters come home."

Naturally I was delighted to accept his offer, but for some reason I forgot to make a note of his address. Oddly enough we went off in one another's hats, so I at least know that he is in the R.A.S.C., which narrows it down.

If he should happen to read this, will he kindly write as soon as possible to Captain Symphon, care of Nabongo Gulango, Esq., Banana Hut, Kugombaland? There will be no need to enclose a stamped envelope as I am still, theoretically, on active service.

OSCAR SYMPSON.

"A nest of young jays was hatched lately in the woods by Ellen Cliff, Deepcar."

Yorkshire paper.

Bravo, Ellen!

### Putting it Mildly

"A beautifully preserved memento, it is a playbill of the old Theatre Royale, Speenhamland, printed on silk and embroidered with lace. Its date is September 7th, 1843, and the programme under the patronage of the Mayor of the time, J. S. Higgins, gives details of two plays and the names of well-known actors and actresses of the time. The bill is as clean as the day when an errand-boy rescued it from a rubbish-heap."

"Hairdressers' Weekly Journal."

"It's all very well for you to complain, but what about me? All I'm queuing for is to come and complain about what I was queuing for all this morning!"





"High spirits are all very well in their way, Mr. Trimblett, but the Ministry is not in Oxford now, you know."

## One of Those Things

**T**HIS morning I am feeling very frail,  
I am late I know, and I do not apologize.  
My hands are trembling, my lips are pale,  
there is a dotted mist before my eyes.

A cup of coffee perhaps, a bit of toast,  
but nothing more.

(No, there was nothing nasty in the post,  
and do please shut the door.)

The fact is, when I got out of bed  
I turned on the wireless by chance,  
and like a fool I completely lost my head  
and started to dance.

You doubtless heard the thumps? Yes, that was me  
jumping  
out of a nightie into a vest and, I regret to say, through a  
stocking.

I dare say you also heard the roar of my heart pumping  
and the clash of my knees knocking?

The whole thing is incomprehensible  
and should be quickly forgotten, I agree,  
for I am, as a rule, so sensible,  
and, as you hasten to point out, thirty-three.

Life too is short, which is not the perfect reason  
for losing very valuable breath,  
and this is not the time nor the place nor the season  
to boogie-woogie to the gates of death.

The fact remains (although it remains a mystery)  
this morning my feet had wings,  
and you must mark it down in our family history  
as just one of those things. V. G.

## Victory Dirge

**I** FIND it extraordinarily difficult to write anything  
this week. I must not say anything that might tend  
to embitter our relations with America.

I must be careful to avoid increasing Russia's suspicions  
of my motives.

France will feel herself to be belittled, whatever I say.

I ought to consult the Dominions before committing  
myself to paper at all, and when I have committed myself  
it would be wiser to invite Australia to sign the article,  
but this would take time.

It would be the height of folly to spread a wave of false  
optimism through the country by suggesting that the  
supply of dried eggs may improve by the autumn of 1946.  
The fact is, and we may as well face it, that only by trebling  
the present output of coal and then exporting the whole  
lot can we hope to pay for our import of dried eggs at the  
existing rate. We should then of course have no means  
of cooking the dried egg.

Some hints on how to make an attractive supper-dish  
of raw dried egg will be given next week, if this can be  
done without offending the Chinese.

Far too much ink has been expended already on the  
atomic bomb. Ink is a product of the squid, or cuttle-fish,  
and we rely very largely on the great cuttle-beds of Mexico  
for our supplies. Unless we can cut down our expenditure  
of this commodity, either by cold-shouldering the atomic  
bomb or by writing in pencil (and thus helping, incidentally,  
to stimulate production in the Cornish lead-mines), we  
shall be forced to increase our exports to Mexico, which  
in turn will mean less butter and cheese for consumption  
at home, fewer electric-light bulbs and drastic reductions  
in available supplies of lawn-mowers, upholstered goods  
and bone-handled articles of all kinds. Mexico wants our  
textiles and cycle accessories, but is unable to pay for  
them. The seriousness of the situation will be appreciated  
when it is realized that even in 1936, when the pound was  
worth seventeen shillings in Chile, the excess of our exports  
to Mexico over imports was quoted at three million yen  
on the Shanghai Exchange. What does this amount to?  
It amounts to the fact that I cannot write about the  
atomic bomb.

Most people are aware that considerable economies in  
coal can be effected by bricking up the sides and back of  
the fireplace. But few are aware that the same expedient  
works well in the bath. Half a dozen good-sized bricks  
at each end will enable you to keep your water-level up  
to the statutory five inches at about half the normal  
expenditure of fuel. Put back that war-time dark-blue  
15-watt bulb and you won't be able to see the bricks,  
besides saving still more fuel.

If the effect of this is to stop 15 per cent. of the population  
having baths at all, the Government may be able to  
declare a bonus of one hundredweight of extra coal all  
round for the winter of 1946-47.



"Does it look as though I've got anything under the counter?"

Few members of the general public realize that the collapse of Japan means a tremendous increase in the consumption of petrol for military purposes. Japanese petrol, when vaporized, ignites in the reverse direction to the British or American product, so that Allied transport would be forced to go backwards if powered by the local spirit. We should get nowhere and lose an unconscionable amount of face into the bargain. It is useless to point out to Mr. Shinwell that the cessation of thousand-bomber raids must mean a saving of enough petrol to enable us to take the whole family to Hastings. He will reply that:

- (a) He is aware that bomber raids have ceased.
- (b) The petrol saved is not of a kind suitable for trips to Hastings.
- (c) It is undesirable, in view of the shortage of shrimping nets, that trips to the South Coast should be encouraged.
- (d) He is keeping the situation under review and will see that the public is constantly informed of developments as they occur.
- (e) We have to consider our duty to our Allies, to the Dominions, to India, the Colonies, and in particular to the U.S.S.R., a country which is naturally suspicious of our motives and has enormous potential demands for petroleum spirit.

It might be profitable to write about fish. The general public is at a loss to know why innumerable crans of herrings are continually being unloaded at Stornoway, from which no means of transportation appear to be provided to the main centres of population. The general public, with its gift for driving straight to the heart of a problem, asks why suitable means of transportation are not provided, or alternatively why the herrings are not landed at some more convenient point. The answers to these questions are as follows:

- (a) The Admiralty has recently released two more trawlers in order to increase the crannage of herrings which cannot be moved from Stornoway.

- (b) If the fish were landed elsewhere than at Stornoway accommodation would have to be provided for the fishermen, and the whole Government plan of proceeding step by step instead of by leaps and bounds would be prejudiced.
- (c) The public may rest assured that the Government will leave no stone uncured, no cran unturned in their efforts to bring the produce of the teeming seas to the table of the housewife. But the housewife must be patient. Fish which arrives unfit even for human consumption can be used to prevent kitchen boilers from drawing too fiercely.
- (d) Finally, it ought to be remembered that if ample supplies of fish were available, huge quantities of fuel would be needed to cook it, and this would aggravate the already serious problem of our diminishing coal output, besides being manifestly unfair to the Dominions, a slap in the face to France, a rotten trick to play on the Colonies (and India), and a gross discourtesy to China and the United States.

At the moment of going to press I estimate our debt to the United States at eleven hundred thousand million pounds sterling. Should she care to collect this sum the drain on shipping can more easily be imagined than described. In any case I have no intention of describing it.

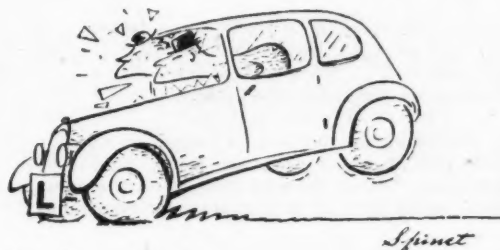
H. F. E.

## The Old Veteran

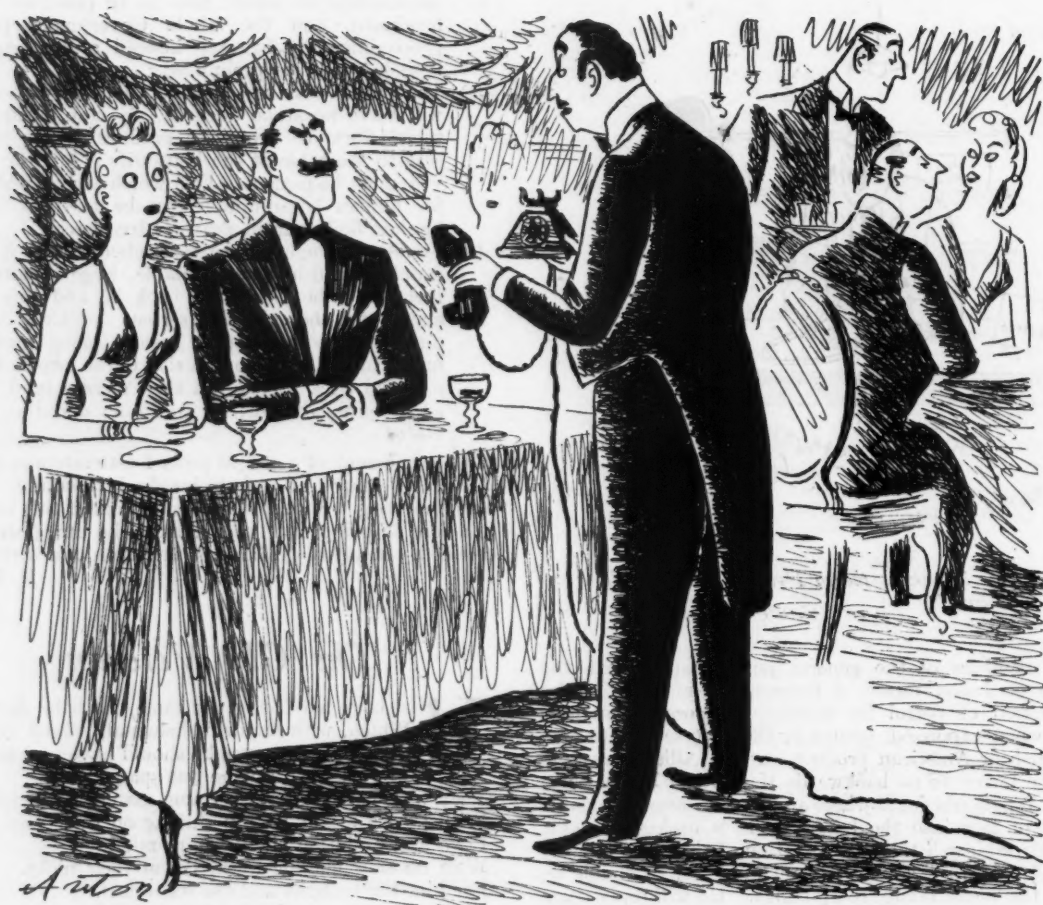
THIS boys fell facing the same death he dared,  
Which, with its swift dismissal, passed him by  
That in due course he should have sons to die—  
As if to know this sorrow he was spared.  
They were cut off at their young manhood's height,  
With hope's bright beacon shining on their way,  
Love and ambition; long before midday,  
With no slow chilling dusk, began their night.  
For him the twilight and the loneliness,  
With no stars rising in the darkening sky;  
Only some firm-held faith to take the stress  
And duty's code to bear his standard high.  
Remembering them in their young valour gone  
Honour him too who valiantly fights on. W. K. H.

## Doing it in Style

"We used to have a tea party on the lawn every summer for the old people and to send down an old bath for those who couldn't get up the hill."—*Hants paper*.



"... and that is the hand-brake."



*"You wished to speak to the manager, sir? He's over in New York."*

### *Leave Severely Alone*

*(A well-known London journalist would like to form an Anti-Cliché League.)*

**T**HIS morn I read aloud what men had written,  
Nursing my inner man with cups that cheer,  
What time my harmless, necessary kitten—  
Fit audience, though few—inclined her ear.

Our eyes, and ears, we scarcely could believe  
To find sublunar honour all astray,  
Old Adam still in fallen sons of Eve,  
Dishonesty the order of the day.

The pity of it! In the printed pages  
Integrity, it seems, is on the wing  
When some Young Hopeful, heir of all the ages,  
Must wend his way to Dartmoor (or Sing Sing)

When some fair Nymph, more sinned against than  
sinning,  
For metal more attractive scorned and jeered,

In her great sorrow schemes new money-spinning,  
And now in durance vile must dree her weird.

At times the breadwinner has gone awry,  
At times the better half, *i.e.*, the wife,  
But even the olive branches gang agley—  
Those quiverfuls that come into one's life.

Before a book he cooks, a safe he rifles,  
By evil mind led up the garden path,  
The snapper-up of unconsidered trifles  
Of balm in Gilead, tells it not in Gath.

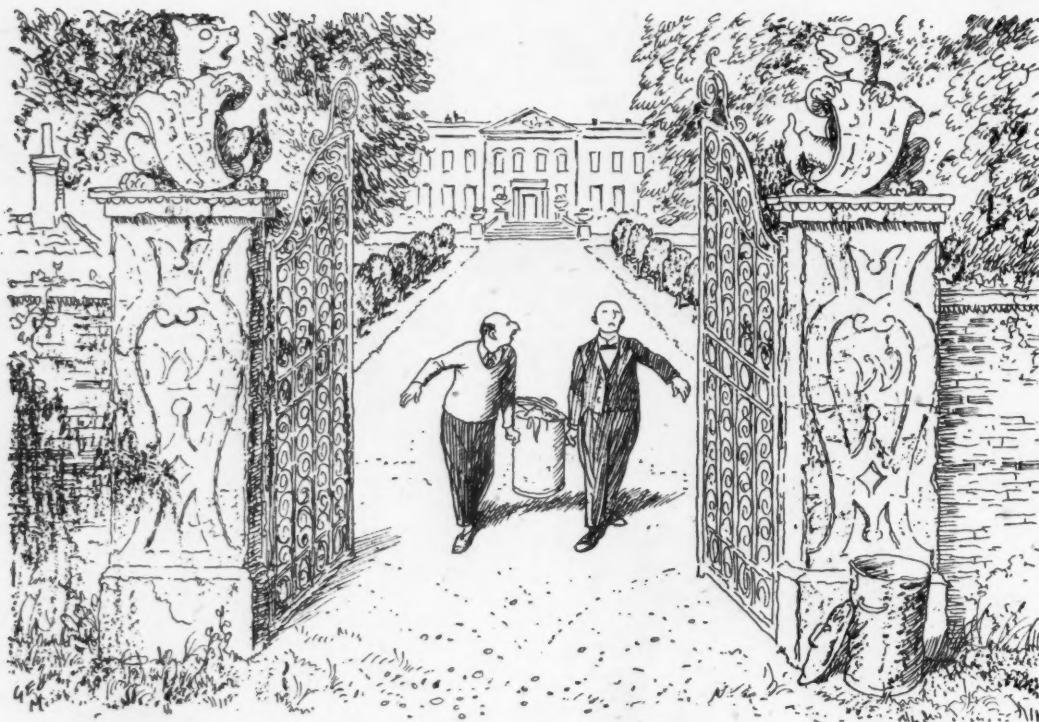
At this she yawned, my female of the species,  
And, more in sorrow than in anger, ran,  
So we must close the little list of clichés—  
The others caught in Fowler's net won't scan.

J. B. N.





HARVEST OF THANKS



*"Not quite so heavy as last week's, Hebblewhite."*

### Orderly Corporal Reports

**S**IR,—I, 2594111 Acting Unpaid Local Lance-Corporal Smith-Featherstone, submit this my report of the occasion when I accompanied the owner of "B" Company's requisitioned billet on a tour of inspection for the purpose of noting any depredations.

Upon entering the precincts of "The Nook," the owner drew my attention to the lack of shrubs, both blooming and otherwise, which he averred were flourishing at the time of requisition. I summoned the billet orderly, a Private Olswet, who stated that, for reasons unknown, all plant life seemed to have withered and faded away. Further questioning elicited that the above withering had taken place before Olswet was detailed for billet orderly—in fact, whilst serving in Palestine.

On entering the main hall the owner commented upon the absence of several coloured tiles from the floor. The billet orderly opined that they had disintegrated under excessive friction from his brush, bristle, stiff. Upon inspection of the kitchen I noted a

large fire burning in direct contravention of Standing Order 1606. I cautioned Private Olswet who, in defence, stated that as the Company's cooks were in the billet they were allowed access to hot water with the object of encouraging washing.

Upon ascending the staircase the owner noted five vertical staves missing from the hand-rail but failed to note that the ninth stair was likewise until too late. Private Olswet could not explain these deficiencies and suggested a kit-inspection. To this proposal I assented. Entry into the bathroom was impeded by an invisible occupant who proved to be the Sergeant Cook. I took the opportunity of mentioning the subject of fires in billets, with the result that the fire continues.

On entering one of the bedrooms the owner expressed surprise that several floorboards were missing from beneath various beds. He also noted traces of recent fires in the hearth and endeavoured to connect these two facts. The billet orderly, however, was emphatic in his denial of any such occurrence.

To the best of his knowledge, he stated, no floorboards had ever been affixed in the aforesaid places, and he had been under the impression that it was due to ventilation or the M.O.

Descending to the basement the owner observed some dozen wooden shelves were also missing. Private Olswet said that the dampness of the basement rotted the shelves and the rats then devoured them. He volunteered that the number of rats in the billet had to be seen to be believed. The owner heartily concurred with this remark.

As it was approaching mid-morning break I escorted the owner from the building. Before we parted I understood him to say that he would be visiting the Company Office as soon as possible. I then made my way to the canteen where I made this my report.

Hoping that this meets with your approval,

I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,  
A. W. L. SMITH-FEATHERSTONE  
(Acting Orderly Corporal).

## Table-Talk of Amos Intolerable

XIX

"I USED to know a man," said Amos, his tone indicating that he had soon rid himself of this acquaintance, "who was in the habit of prefacing the expression of his more imbecile beliefs with the phrase 'I am given to understand.' When he left the giver anonymous, this was all right; but when he didn't, the difference between what he had been given to understand and what he had taken to understand made his conversation a mere string of abominable slanders."

He looked round expectantly; but most of us took as long to work out the implications of this statement as he must have taken to work them in.

\* \* \* \* \*

Amos sometimes says that the disingenuous and unfair reviewer exasperates him beyond measure, though when he writes a review himself his own scrupulosity can hardly be called outstandingly evident.

"This chap," he said recently, talking about a man who he said never wrote a fair review except by inadvertence, "has no conscience whatever. All he cares about is the momentary effectiveness of his little article. If he'd been writing for the *Quarterly* in the eighteen-twenties he wouldn't have been content with killing Keats, he'd have made a clean sweep of everybody writing anything that didn't happen to appeal to him instantly on a snap judgment. If the word 'bad' makes his sentence more entertaining than the word 'good,' and of course it always does, he shoves it in, and never mind whether it represents his feelings. The idea of actually trying to find out, of bestowing any thought on, what a writer's intentions may have been, before deciding at the top of his voice what they were, never strikes him; or strikes him only to be immediately rejected as a bit queer and absurd."

Amos cleared his throat raspingly and said "Look. I'll tell you how he'd review Shakespeare, if the *Complete Works* in One Volume came out for the first time now. He'd open the book right at the end, glance inside, and write 'One of the poems in this book is called "The Phoenix and the Turtle," whatever that may mean. There are eighteen verses. The sixth one begins "Here the anthem doth commence." 'Nuff said!' So much for Shakespeare, and the next paragraph would be his 'review' of somebody's collection of funny stories about policemen. He'd pick out a fairly good one and quote the whole of it, and so much for that. Now what's the reader with six or seven bob to spend on books going to buy? Hey?"

A bored voice said "Eight Penguins."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Certainly there's no smoke without fire," Amos observed. "That's not the point. The point is who, for what reason, lit the fire."

Nobody made any remark, and after a moment or two he added "Alternatively—are you *absolutely certain* it is smoke?"

It was the wrong time for this inquiry; he had temporarily abandoned his cigar for a small unpleasant pipe which was at that moment pouring forth clouds smelling just like those from railway coal. Somebody improvised a creditable fit of coughing and then said "You may well ask."

\* \* \* \* \*

One evening when Amos had been unusually silent, and apparently gloomy, for a long time, it was observed

with surprise that a few of the more ragged ends of his moustache had been trimmed and also that he was wearing what appeared to be a new tie. These oddities having been canvassed in low tones on the outskirts of our little circle, we were trying to decide on a way of prising out of him the reason for them when he suddenly sniffed sharply, thumped his glass on the table, and said "The breakneck speed at which one's mind works in the few seconds when the photographer says 'Don't move——'"

"Good God!" one of the company unwarily interrupted. "Have you been having your photograph taken?"

An unflattering chorus of astonishment arose and Amos rapidly grew annoyed.

"Does it then come as such startling news to you," he said nastily, "that I have any life apart from this"—(he looked round)—"this dingy and ephemeral circle? You don't think there can be anybody who'd want my photograph, is that it?"

We hesitated a little too long before replying and Amos disconcertingly became pathetic.

"You see me," he said sadly, "as a lonely and ageing buffoon, creeping out of this place at closing-time and spending in some rat-infested basement the solitary grinding hours till I can come back and catch from the rest of you the illusion of life . . ."

He allowed this picture to sink in and then exploded indignantly "Ha! Do you know who recently asked, in gentle and appealing tones, for my photograph?"

Our suggestions ranged from a young and beautiful heiress to a Hollywood talent-scout.

Amos suddenly ceased to be pathetic, looked round with a grin, and said "You're a sentimental lot. The truth is that I had my photograph taken to go with a sort of testimonial I recently wrote for some patent-medicine people."

We asked what patent medicine, and he said he couldn't recall the name. "I never heard of the stuff before," he said.

R. M.





## News from Czechoslovakia

**M**Y DEAR MOTHER,—This is a fine country. I have been staying with some of the Czechs that came to England from France in 1940 and who have now got back to their own country, as a Brigade, via Dunkirk. Parts of it have been looted and fought over, but in the country itself all you see now is the ripening harvest, and that looks very good.

I have also seen the Russians.

If you want to visit an area in the Russian zone of occupation the first thing to do is to acquire a typewriter that will cope with the Russian alphabet. I suppose that there are people who can actually write in Russian, but it seems very difficult to credit. Having obtained the typewriter the next thing you want is a large rubber stamp, the larger the better. Then you make out a pass and get someone, preferably a major or better, to sign it, but that is the easiest of the lot.

The Czechs had such a typewriter, a fair-sized rubber stamp and an indefinite number of obliging majors. The typewriter originated in Dresden. How it reached the Brigade I do not know and did not inquire, but, after all, the Germans have had very little need to type letters to the Russians since 1941. So I finished up with a beautiful pass, in three languages—Czech, Russian and English. With that, I felt, I could go as far as Moscow.

The Czech major who signed it pointed out another possibility. Without it, he said, I might well get as far as Siberia. If you go to the American barrier without a pass, he went on, the Americans will smile nicely and send you away. If you go to the Russian barrier without a pass heaven knows what will happen to you. Of course, he added, you may ultimately be released, if your Embassy can really convince the Russians that you were not an S.S. general in disguise. He smiled. "Naturally," he said, "we should do what we could."

I offered him a cigarette. With Siberia looming ahead there seemed to be no point in hoarding them.

Thus fortified we set out for Prague. The American barrier was quite impressive. The soldier on duty gave me a smart "present arms," an agreeable novelty, and the sergeant read through the pass and raised the barrier. A turn to the right and another to the left and there was the Russian side

of the fence. The sentry there was equally smart, but he was armed with a light automatic instead of a rifle. Fifty rounds instead of ten, I thought to myself, probably inaccurately.

I waited while the sergeant read the pass. He, at least, could read Russian. It seemed to be in order, for that barrier was raised too and we were inside. I drove on. Now the way to Prague was clear.

Also, the Czech officer with me added sadly, the way to Siberia too. We drove on in silence for a little. But then we came to Prague.

Prague is a lovely city, its centre still largely intact, save for the burnt-out Town Hall and two bombed buildings in St. Wenceslas Square, but, fortunately, when the Germans dropped the bombs that hit those two buildings there were only Germans inside them. But it is no longer a shopping centre. Actually, the only things you can buy without coupons are shopping baskets and sun-glasses, neither of which I wanted at the moment.

In the end of course we had to set off back to the Czech Brigade. I don't know quite where it was that the Czech officer suggested that I gave him the pass as I was driving. We can't have been far from the barrier for I had been working it out that we should be back in time for tea. I started to look for the pass. Then I stopped and went on looking. Finally I said, quite unnecessarily I suppose, that I seemed to have lost it.

The debate that followed was very spirited. There was, for example, the suggestion that we abandon the car and take to the woods. Travelling by night the general view was that within a day or so we should be able to get across the demarcation line into the American zone. But then I should probably have been charged with the value of the car at the subsequent court of inquiry. We could, I suggested, try to talk our way past the barrier, but it seemed rather hopeless with only English, Czech and the phrase "Tovarich Stalin" at our disposal. Or we could try to rush the barrier, but I thought of the light automatic. Finally, as darkness fell, we decided to try to find a Russian headquarters. Success or Siberia, I said, and started recklessly on my last packet of cigarettes.

I will not weary you with the details of our linguistic attempts to find the Russian military commander.

It wasn't very creditable and if only I had produced the remaining cigarettes at first it would have saved a lot of time. Finally we reached the office of an English-speaking colonel and to him I explained our plight. He laughed happily.

"I understand," he said. "These misfortunes will happen in any Army. But there is no need for concern. For our British allies forms such as these are as nothing. You come, you go. We are happy and welcoming. It is the spirit that is important."

Then his face became more serious.

"But I will make you out a fresh pass," he went on. "We have a typewriter with an American keyboard, and that is essential. You see, the Americans—naturally, we understand. War is like that. But if you do attempt to enter their area without a proper pass the consequences can be most serious."

He paused.

"They say it means Alaska," he said gravely.

Your loving son HAROLD.

## Seplac

**I** AM sending a man on Seplac," I announced authoritatively.

The staff-captain considered this. "But Seplac is old," he protested. "We've had all sorts since then. Retjan and Myop, for instance. And, look, we got this one to-day." From a formidable pile in his Pending basket he extracted a closely-typed sheet. The heading read "Administrative Instructions for Troops proceeding on Kapok."

I sighed. I was beginning to feel the effects of wrestling with Army leave regulations in an Italian summer.

We were silent for a moment. The staff-captain fanned himself with a wad of amendments and I stared out of the window at the noisy, glaring piazza. Beneath a statue of Garibaldi prominently labelled No Parking in three languages, a tonsured monk was trying to thumb a lift.

I renewed the attack. "Look," I said persuasively. "I received a signal to-day—"

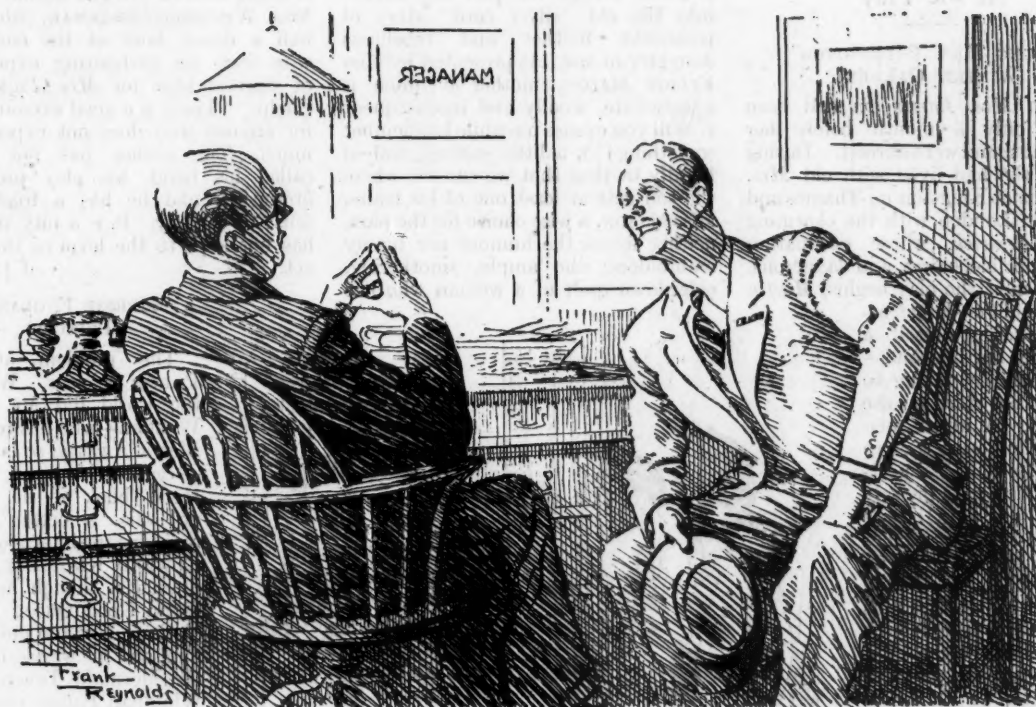
This seemed to awaken his interest. "Ah, a signal. From Ord perhaps?"

"Ord my foot," I said disrespectfully. "This is a Clac matter."

"Of course," he said, shaking his head. "For the moment I was thinking we were in 648 Area."

"We are," I said.

"Oh." The captain frowned and



*"Frankly, sir, it's the salary I'm after—the experience I should get would be only a secondary consideration."*

picked up the Royal Warrant for Pay. For a few moments he studied the pay rates for Boy Trumpeters in the Maltese Artillery. Then he snapped the book shut and gazed at me keenly. "You were saying?" he prompted.

I plunged. A great fury surged in my brain. I almost shouted. "I was saying that I am sending a man on leave to the U.K. On Seplac, to be exact. And I have no administrative instructions for Seplac. I don't know whether he should go dressed in his khaki drill or his balaclava helmet.

"All I want to do is to send my man on his leave in his right mind and his right clothes. I don't want him to be turned back at Calais because, for instance, his home address is not marked in his left sock. I don't want to have to send in a report on the matter with all his kit inspections for the past five years recorded in quintuplicate—"

This time the captain's nod was firm. "Fair enough," he said, and rang a bell. A sad-faced sergeant materialized in the doorway.

"Oh, sergeant," he said. "Have you got the dope about Seplac?"

"But there's nobody going on Seplac nowadays, sir."

"Oh, but there is," I said. I strode towards him in a kind of frenzy and waved the signal in front of his eyes. "Look—read for yourself."

The sergeant read, and his sadness seemed to deepen.

"I was positive they'd stopped it," he said. "Harry told me."

I waited. If I was patient perhaps a gleam of sanity would emerge from somewhere.

"I know a fellow who went on Rukfar," mused the sergeant. "Nice fellow. Used to be in the grocery line."

"Perhaps," I said, with iron self-control, "if you think hard you may remember somebody who went on Seplac—also in the grocery line. Or ironmongery. I'm indifferent."

"Yes," said the sergeant. "Now you come to mention it, I do remember a couple going on Seplac."

Hope flared in my heart. "What did they wear?" I cried eagerly.

The sergeant looked prim. "They were A.T.S. girls, sir."

I could practically feel the foam

gathering on my lips. "Sergeant," I said, "is it possible that you remember a man—a male person—proceeding on Seplac. Come, I appeal to you, think."

Then the staff-captain, who during the past few minutes had produced a fairly creditable likeness of Lana Turner on his blotting pad, suddenly sprang to ardent life.

"I remember one," he exclaimed. "My old batman. He went on Seplac."

"Wonderful!" I shouted. "What did he wear?"

"Overcoat and a muffler tied round his neck—always."

The very thought made the perspiration start on my forehead. "What—in this weather?" I demanded.

"No, no," said the captain irritably. "This was just before Christmas."

Somehow I got outside the office. Further discussion would have endangered my reason. I decided to send my man off in Field Service Marching Order less arms and ammunition—and chance it.

When I arrived back at my office I found another signal waiting for me. "All Seplac vacancies," I read, "are cancelled."

## At the Play

"YOUNG MRS. BARRINGTON"  
(WINTER GARDEN)

YOUNG *Mrs. Barrington* had been married only a month before her airman-husband went abroad. During the war she had lived with old *Mrs. Barrington* at Kingston-on-Thames and worked in London with the charming *Colonel Renwick*, whose occupation was responsible, secret, and dangerous. The war ends, the play begins, *Martin* returns, and *Jo*—long fearful of finding herself a stranger to her husband—opens badly by failing to recognize his voice on the telephone. A minor mishap, but significant. Before long the *Barringtons'* post-war planning goes gravely astray, especially as mother-in-law clings to her son with the grasp of an amiable whelk, and *Martin*, whatever his qualities as an airman, proves to be a tactless blunderer of a husband. What happens to *Jo*, now of all ladies most dejected and wretched? Mr. WARREN CHETHAM STRODE, having put up a well-stated and only too plausible problem, dithers about the solution. The result is a play that begins thoroughly well and gets gradually less supple and persuasive as it proceeds. Still, there is some sound portraiture—the *Barrington* family is indeed a family and not a dramatist's haphazard assemblage—the problem is real enough, and Mr. CHETHAM STRODE does not slip into the merely novelettish.

The Winter Garden stage is hardly right for the piece. This home at Kingston seems to be too large for the *Barringtons*, even though we gather that, as a family, they run to spaciousness. (At any rate, they manage, with unexplained wizardry, to get a "big house at Fowey" for their summer holiday, an alarming event which was to have been a private second honeymoon for *Jo* and *Martin*, turns suddenly into a project for a *Lovely Family Holiday*, and ends in a journey for old *Mrs. Barrington* and the two younger children alone.) Old *Mrs. Barrington* is the play's most complete character. She has bewitched her

author; in fact, half-way through, it looks as though the plot will swerve into the old "silver cord" story of possessive mother and rebellious daughter-in-law. As presented by Miss ELLIOT MASON, mother o' mine is affectionate, woolly and inconsequent ("Will you excuse me while I remember something?"), a little stifling, and so blindly tactless that we can see where the son gets at least one of his traits. Miss MASON, a wise choice for the part, neither forces the humour nor fussily embroiders; the ample, smothering, eiderdown quilt of a woman who has

who sees that the *Barrington* marriage is going askew. No one should forget Miss WINIFRED BRAEMAR, who has half a dozen lines at the end, and who finds an enchanting expression of startled bliss for *Mrs. Porter* the "help." There is a good evening here for anyone who does not expect too much. The author has not over-called his hand, his play provokes argument, and he has a freshening sense of comedy. It is a pity that he has not kept to the level of the first act.

J. C. T.

"MERRIE ENGLAND"  
(PRINCES)

The problem at the *Princes* is clear. Why in the world did Mr. JACK WALLER—who has revived *Merrie England* so lavishly—cast aside the *Basil Hood* book if he could not raise a better? The revision is no improvement. EDWARD KNOBLOCK, able dramatist though he was, found Good Queen Bess's glorious days too much for him, and his wanderings in the *Mermaid Tavern* and *Whitehall Palace* make us yearn for the genial tushery of *Hood*. We have now a shadow-Shakespeare, who appears in 1588 to have written both *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet*—not that this matters—and we also get a fantastic demon king of a Spanish spy. Frankly we should have preferred the whimsies of *Jill - All - Alone* and her cat.

Having mourned for *Hood* it remains to be said that Mr. WILLIAM MOLLISON's production is full-hearted, that the

singing is admirable, and that anyone with a liking for balladry must applaud Mr. HEDDLE NASH in "The English Rose" and Mr. DENNIS NOBLE when he salutes the yeomen of England. Miss LINDA GRAY is *Elizabeth* who sings "O Peaceful England" and sets her court by the ears, and Mr. MORRIS SWEDEN and Miss CHIC ELLIOTT work like a whole hive of bees at the verie merrie funne.

Nothing can blur GERMAN's music. There are no "lean and flashy" songs here, and for the sake of the score's linked sweetness we can perhaps forgive a libretto that sounds like the collected minutes of a Tudor Circumlocution Department.

J. C. T.



SMART LAD WITH HIS MIND ON THE FUTURE

Josephine Barrington . . . . . Miss LEUEEN MACGRATH  
Mary Haddon . . . . . Miss JOAN HAYTHORNE  
Arthur Barrington . . . . . Mr. PETER HAMMOND

no idea at all how unfair she is to her daughter-in-law, seems to be much the most lifelike personage on view.

The *Jo* of Miss LEUEEN MACGRATH and the *Martin* of Mr. TOM GILL are conventional, rather colourless performances; there is more life in the younger *Barrington* children—*Nancy* (Miss MARGARET BARTON), who looks ever to the left, and *Arthur* (Mr. PETER HAMMOND), who is cheerfully *gauche*. Mr. IVAN SAMSON brings his pleasant manner to *Colonel Renwick*, but the evening's best work—next to Miss MASON's—comes from Mr. SYDNEY KING, as a gently ebullient ex-officer, and from Miss JOAN HAYTHORNE, the soul of common sense, as a neighbour



## Gas Pressure

**I**F you want to know—and why not?—whether a person belongs to the older generation or the younger generation, find out whether he bolts and bars his doors at night. The older generation have an absolute mania for locking up. Punctually at eleven o'clock every night, or earlier if late-night dance music is available, they switch off the wireless, wind the clock, put out the cat and the milk-bottles, and start on their rounds. Front and back doors are made as secure as their wealth of Birmingham ironmongery can make them, window catches are levered into position, and gas and water taps are twisted into the stiffest inactivity.

I suppose we members of the younger generation—and, remember, it is not merely a matter of years—should feel sorry for those who find practical psychology so definitely a closed book. But, gosh, how tiresome their nightly antics can be!

It is no use trying to reform them. You can talk to them until you are black in the face about McConnell's theory of reflexive paralogism, but they will go on believing that an unlocked door means danger. They cannot be made to realize that a door ajar is padlocked by the immense but invisible forces of elementary psychology. No housebreaker would ever look twice at a job with an open door. Felons are no fools.

And I see no reason why I should alter my own views merely because of what happened last week. . . .

On Friday afternoon someone *did* accept the invitation of my ever-open door. He was still there when I returned home from the office. He lay on the kitchen floor with his head near the gas stove. No, he was not dead: he was humming softly as he hammered at the nut thing that connects the stove to the feed-pipe. He was a stoutish fellow with rimless spectacles and dark blue overalls. The floor around him was strewn with tools and bits of stove.

"What the devil are you supposed to be doing?" I said.

The man stopped hammering and turned his head towards me.

"Mendin' your stove, mister," he said.

"And what's wrong with it?" I asked.

"Pressure," he said. "This 'ere pipe's the wrong size. Never get no pressure with 'er."

"Is that so?" I said. "Well, let me



"And so, ladies and gentlemen, we must reduce our target to £19,897 17s. 5d."

tell you that I'm perfectly satisfied with it as it is—or was."

He got slowly to his feet, a puzzled expression in his eyes. Then he unhooked his jacket from the peg behind the door and rummaged in a pocket.

"It says 'ere," he said, "'Defective pressure, No. 216 Longmore Road. Friday A.M.' I'm from the gas co."

"Then you can return to your stinking gas co. and tell 'em you've spent the day dismantling a perfectly good and perfectly efficient stove not at 216 but at No. 261 Longmore Road—that is, when you've put it together again."

He was terribly upset. He apologized, mumbled something about losing a day's pay, and began to reassemble my stove. In five minutes the job was done and he had left the house.

After tea (I had to boil the water for it next door) I sat down and wrote a stinging letter to the gas company. It was a pretty good effort, if I say so myself.

After supper (I had to boil the water for my cocoa next door) I turned the gas off at the main and went to bed. The bedroom was a shambles. Among the items missing were eight pound notes, a silver cigarette case containing two Virginian fag-ends, a pair of non-austerity socks and my N.A.L.G.O. tie.

I tore up the letter to the gas company and began again. **HOD.**

### The Second-Hand Market

"WANTED PRIVATELY, in reasonably good condition, about £100."—*Advt. in Gloucestershire paper.*

"From that day I took the keenest interest in Crowley's career, and watched him slowly climb the ladder of success until eventually he became one of the foremost father-weights in England and challenger to Nel Tarleton, then—as now—the feather-weight champion."

*Weekly paper.*

Hardly the same weight, were they?



Hollywood

"I suggest that we remain camouflaged until this nationalization scare has blown over."

### Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

#### An Oxford Autobiography

DONS are traditionally supposed to be absent-minded, self-absorbed and out of touch with real life. Several examples of this type occur in Mr. G. B. GRUNDY'S downright and delightfully readable reminiscences (*Fifty-Five Years at Oxford: An Unconventional Autobiography*. METHUEN, 12/6). For example, an ancient Fellow of Corpus, who wrote to his friend, the President of Trinity, on the birth of his first child—"My dear Woods, I must congratulate you on the recent event which took me quite by surprise. You no doubt were better informed." And a fellow of B.N.C. who, when an undergraduate died, comforted the parents as follows: "It may be some consolation to you to know that the young man would in any case have had to go down at the end of the present term owing to his failure to pass Responsions." But there is also the incisive business-like don who, as the last two wars have shown, has a good deal of the man of action in him, and it is to this type that Mr. GRUNDY belongs. Inheriting many of the qualities of his remarkable grandfather, the Rev. George Dooker Grundy, Vicar of Hey, near Oldham, whose funeral was attended by fifty thousand mill-hands, Mr. GRUNDY became a schoolmaster at sixteen, his father being in financial difficulties. A few years later he was taken as partner by an Army tutor, and at twenty-seven was earning some thousands a year. From this eminence he descended of his own free will to the position of an Oxford undergraduate, and was in due course rewarded by obtaining a fellowship at Corpus. His colleagues and contemporaries at Oxford are sketched with a frankness which is one of

the book's chief attractions. He is friendly about most of them, but does not spare criticism where he feels it is needed. To give one example: Walter Pater, little though they would seem to have in common, appealed to him, and he deals bluntly with Sir Charles Oman's recent disparaging reference to him. It would convey a false impression of an essentially genial book to enumerate all those whose knuckles Mr. GRUNDY raps. But his narrative of Thomas Case's presidency of Corpus is worth referring to, for it gives a vivid picture, on the whole unflattering, of a curious character, such as perhaps only an ancient university could produce. In his last days, after a long and bitter conflict with Mr. GRUNDY, Case used to ask him round for a drink, when the President's talk would range from a detailed survey of Aristotle's works to strange and sudden ejaculations, such as "I fancy I am the only head of a college in Oxford who believes in the resurrection of the body." H. K.

#### Moth with Two Stars

It looks almost as though novel-readers would weary of the painter-heroes of fiction before novelists do. There is at least an off-chance of a reader really knowing how pictures are painted, but the odds against a novelist possessing similar insight are heavy. Miss HILDA VAUGHAN'S *Mark Osbourne*, for instance, commits adultery with *Flora Teowain* while he is painting her portrait in a Welsh cottage. But no Welsh cottage-known to man has ever had a window high enough and large enough to light a sitter and a canvas at the same time; so one inevitably suspects that *Mark's* art is, as usual, mere camouflage for his appetites. His *liaison*, which involves a woman with an invalid husband, a dying father and a small child, is said to take place in Wales. But apart from a pleasant "obligee," with a gratefully unobtrusive idiom, there is nothing particularly Welsh about *Pardon and Peace* (MACMILLAN, 7/6). The acquisitive *Mark* becomes further involved with the local vicar's daughter, and his amorous complications need a murder to solve them. Still, as the more treacherous of his two mistresses finally remarks—with the exalted woolly-mindedness that characterizes such stories as hers—"My love, itself, never seemed wrong, you know. I don't think love can be." H. P. E.

#### Early Britain

In *Early Britain*, one of the "Britain in Pictures" series (COLLINS, 4/6), Miss JACQUETTA HAWKES has given a clear and very pleasantly written account of the half-million or so years which preceded the Anglo-Saxon invasions. Most of this period was characterized by an "immense slowness of change," and is therefore soothing to read about, however uncomfortable it may have been to live in. "For very many more generations than those separating us from the builders of the pyramids," Miss HAWKES writes, "men made the same simple movements to shape the same simple tools." About 2500 B.C. the pace began to quicken. Traders drifted up from the Mediterranean, boatloads of colonists from France and the Low Countries introduced breeding of stock and corn-growing on a small scale. Then came northern warriors, probably speaking an Indo-European language, and bringing with them a belief in a sky god, who was worshipped in the temples which still survive at Stonehenge and Avebury. About 450 B.C. iron was introduced into Britain by Celtic immigrants who differed entirely, Miss HAWKES says, from "the traditional picture of Britons as savages clad in woad and, for modesty's sake, hairy hearth-rugs." Many of these Celts were artists ("those crowning flowers on the economic body," as Miss

HAWKES not very happily puts it). They had been formed by Greek and other southern influences, and in their metal-work surpassed their models both in delicacy and imagination. But these Celtic immigrants quarrelled among themselves, Rome intervened, and Miss HAWKES concludes her attractive sketch with a picture of Roman Britain. H. K.

### Chinoiserie

A decoration making use of love, hate, lust and aversion to achieve a graceful and daintily-coloured surface, *Peony* (CRESSET PRESS, 8/-) is the last volume of *The Three Blossoms of Chang-An*. Here Mr. KERRI WEST has added to the embarrassment of his aim—the production of a Chinese romance of the Ming dynasty—by endowing his heroine with the pert, cynical, self-regarding mind of a junior miss of 1945. *Peony*, aged twelve, is cheated of the boy betrothed on whom she has set her heart by a flaw in the etiquette that should have brought him to her. The rest of her story relates a chequered career of passion without matrimony and matrimony without passion. *Peony's* tortuous, unhappy fortunes, and the more honest and lucky adventures of fellow-matrons and concubines, are told with an odd mixture of decorous traditionalism and rather tasteless intimacy. The traditionalism, especially as it involves that ancestor-worship which is *Peony's* sole link with the religion and law of her country, is the most attractive feature of the book. One of its amenities is a strain of useful proverbial wisdom. "After the guests have departed the family clean the plates" is applicable to other domestic imbroglios, as well as *Peony's*.

H. P. E.

### The Great Romantic

"To-day as yesterday, Death, my gipsy,  
It is very good to be with you, alone,  
In these winds of Granada, of my Granada . . ."

These are the words that the Spanish poet Machado put into the mouth of Garcia Lorca when he wrote his friend's elegy. He tried to capture the romantic and brilliant figure who enslaved Europe and America—the poet who was well known before he had even published a line, while he was still reciting his verses with great gestures over the café tables at the Residencia, who composed with Falla, who swept through America, conspicuous with his flowing tie, and came back to revitalize the Spanish theatre, who set his people on fire and penetrated to their very heart. "Friend, I want to die/Decently in my bed/Of steel, if it can be/With sheets of fine linen"—he wrote in the character of his own gipsy. But he was killed by one of Franco's firing squads when he was only thirty-seven, in the heart of his own Granada. Already Lorca has his own legends. His work has been compared to the painting of Picasso and its influence on Europe has been as great. But (without criticizing the translations of Gili and Stephen Spender) it seems probable that many of the young English writers who have adopted his imagery have done so without understanding it. Certainly it must be impossible for anyone who is not a Spaniard to respond completely to the delicious intoxicating vibrations of his imagery—"blood, bull, stone, body, sea, animals and trees"—the rose, the olive, the fig, the snow mountain and the horse's skull. The greatest of all his poems is an ode on the death of a bull-fighter. EDWARD HONIG'S *Garcia Lorca* (EDITIONS POETRY LONDON, 7/6) is a very useful introduction to Garcia Lorca and his work. It is written by an American scholar and is the most important criticism on Lorca since Arturo Barea's notes, published in *Horizon* in the spring of 1942. Mr. HONIG gives copious extracts from the poems

and, resisting the temptation to indulge in his own flourishes, he has translated them literally. He has obviously spared no pains in hunting for information on difficult points—for instance, on the early surrealist plays. (He gives careful analyses of plots and he is particularly good and clear when he writes on Lorca's literary inheritance—the popular ballad, the mediæval Arabic erotic poetry, the "cante jondo" of the Andalusian singers, the seventeenth-century Luis de Gongora, the twentieth-century Rubén Darío, the surrealists, the Negro, the Gipsy, the Jew, the suffering outcast.) Mr. HONIG is not always quite right on points of detail (it is surprising to find the story of 2 Samuel xiii called "A legend of Arabic imagination"), but he has provided an admirable handbook, and something more than that. Clearly he himself has loved his subject, this side idolatry, and there is no better basis for biography. Here is his last word on Lorca: "He lived in a world where his vision went forth, with the colour of the people's blood, to sing of the life and death of the heart around the plazas and great gardens of Granada."

F. M. F.

### Eyes to the Hills

The first thing that strikes one about Squadron-Leader PETER YOUNG's book, *Himalayan Holiday* (HERBERT JENKINS, 10/6), is its simplicity and reasonableness. He explains in his preface that, though many serving officers arrange to spend accumulated leave on shikar treks into the Himalaya ranges, the only available guide-books describe expensively organized expeditions. Now his own trans-Himalayan diary, which begins with advice on bedding, equipment and etiquette, has altered this. By the time he reached Mulbekh, he had marched a hundred-and-fifty miles in thirteen days at 10,500 feet. The book is full of anecdotes of hits and misses, stories of lamas, and descriptions (mostly pretty exasperated) of the ways and wiles of coolies. He was lucky enough to see a "Tamasha," the village dance of the Mahomedans. All these things make the diary interesting enough for the ordinary reader, but it should be absolutely invaluable to the future amateur explorers, who do not want to travel in a big way, especially since it includes a detailed map and really excellent photographs of an 822-mile expedition lasting under three months.

B. E. B.







"Can't ANYBODY remember which way our Grand Mystery Tour used to go in 1939?"

### Mr. Bostock and the Peace

"I'LL just try this one," said Mr. Bostock, setting his small jaw and trying to button up his macintosh on a button that was not there.

He walked into the tobacconist's and out again.

"If only they would put the notices outside the shop," he said, and fell in at a trot beside me. "I sometimes wonder—don't you?—whether this is Nature's way of making us give up cigarettes altogether. After all, when one thinks of all the things one *has* given up and not missed so very much . . ."

An Army lorry overtook us, accelerating with a rising wail, so that we both jumped slightly and Mr. Bostock said

"Bally thing!"—which is strong language for him.

"When you go to bed at night," he said, "do you think how nice it is to know there aren't going to be any bombs and rockets and sirens?"

I said that I had certainly thought so many times.

"I do every night," said Mr. Bostock, and jumped again as a tram crashed over the points round the corner. "And yet, you know, I always seem to be hearing them during the day, even now."

"Do you?"

"Don't you?"

"Well, yes," I said.

"But straight away afterwards I

always think how nice it was that they weren't."

"Weren't what?"

"Bombs and rockets and sirens. I think it's one of the nicest—"

He suddenly disappeared into a small shop festooned with saucepan-scourers and clothes-lines and tins of insecticide, emerging presently with one hand concealed in his macintosh pocket.

"Tips," he said.

"What?"

"They sometimes have some there," he said—"so I usually try." He showed me the yellow paper packet for a second and thrust it out of sight again. "They're called 'Tips,'" he said.

"What sort of tips?"

"No sort. They're just called that. They are rather like asthma cigarettes, and they keep going out, because I suppose there's not enough sulphur in the paper."

"Don't you mean saltpetre?"

"Whatever it is," said Mr. Bostock. "Now, what was I saying? Oh, yes. I think just not having bombs and rockets and sirens is one of the nicest things about the Peace, don't you?"

"Of course. It goes without—"

"No, no," he interrupted, not intending to be discourteous. He skipped a little to keep up with me. "That's just what I mean. It *doesn't* go without saying, and it's wrong to say that it does. As far as I can make out from the papers the Peace is simply awful. Everybody is creating about having more petrol and houses and beer and money and clothes and time off and food and entertainment and—and—"

"And cigarettes—"

"And—and, yes, I suppose so, cigarettes. But nobody seems to think that the main thing about the Peace is—well—the *peace*." He struggled momentarily in search of a clarifying phrase. "I mean, not having to think all the time, 'There'll be *such* a terrible bang in a minute!' Don't you see?"

"Well, yes. I suppose we—"

"Then there's Mrs. Bostock and me having Hubert home, after all that time in that horrible Off-lag."

"Horrible what?"

"Off-lag. With all that bean-soup. And no fire-watching."

"Didn't they have to fire-watch in the prison-camp?"

"No, of course not—at least, well, I don't know, I suppose they did, perhaps; but I didn't mean that. I meant *us* not having to. And the street-lighting. Don't you think so? I mean just the war being *over*, don't you see?"

"Yes," I said.

"And not thinking that every aeroplane you see going over perhaps won't come back."

"Yes, there is certainly that," I said.

"There's certainly a lot of things," said Mr. Bostock jubilantly. He clapped his small dry hands together. "And think of all the things we can look forward to, that we haven't been able to look forward to before because we couldn't see far enough ahead to look forward to anything. I'm afraid I haven't made that very clear."

"Oh, but you have," I said. "You mean more petrol and beer and food and clothes—"

"Oh, those things. Yes, but I was

thinking not so much of *things* as—well—things like not having so many notices everywhere; you know, like 'Make sure you alight on the platform side,' and 'Nearest public shelter across the road,' and 'Fire-watchers' Entrance,' and 'We've got to keep on saying,' and 'What do I do?' and—"

"And 'Do nothing with this part until you are told.'"

"Yes, and 'Food Facts.' Oh, dear—I'm quite puffed."

"And all the rude private notices, such as 'We shut at five sharp,' and 'Bring your own wrapping,' and 'Closed all day Thursday,' and 'No repairs taken'—"

"Oh, well," said Mr. Bostock, now panting a little less—"they couldn't really help putting up notices beginning with 'No,' could they? I don't think we can really count them. It's more the ones ordering you about that I'm thinking of. And, talking of being ordered about, I must say I'm a bit worried over—just a minute—"

He stopped at a tobacco kiosk and raised his smudgy eyebrows at the girl behind the counter.

"Five 'Dreadnoughts,' loose," said the girl. "It's that or nothing."

"Thank you very much indeed," said Mr. Bostock, smuggling the purchase into his pocket with a sideways gangster-glance which was strangely incongruous.

"What are you worried over?" I said, as we turned for home. We had reached the residential part, and there were no more shops.

"She doesn't like you to let other people see," he said.

"No, you were saying something about being worried. Something about being ordered about."

"Was I? These 'Dreadnoughts' are better than those awful 'Twigs,' but not quite as good as 'Tips.' Oh, yes—loudspeakers."

"Don't tell me you want to go back to earphones."

"No, no. I was talking about being ordered about, and I was wondering whether the Peace would put a stop to loudspeaker dictatorship, as one might call it. I mean, it's so easy for somebody to sit in a little glass house and—"

"Throw stones?"

"No, *no*. And tell you to move along, or stay where you are, or go home, or—or turn somersaults. I don't say it hasn't been a great help on the railways, mind you, but with vans rushing about the streets and booming away at you—and the B.B.C. telling you all sorts of things you have to do all the time . . . and I'm not at all sure

that a single human voice was ever intended to make as much noise as Nature's own thunder. Besides, if we're not careful we shall have our lives governed by people we don't know and can't even see, saying 'Time to get up,' and 'Don't forget to fold your pyjamas,' and 'To-day's the day to put out the laundry,' and—oh, well, you see what I mean."

"Only too clearly. I think it's a danger."

"Science is wonderful, we all know that. I mean, for instance, making sea-water fit to drink. But then they go and get this new clear fishing."

"Get what?"

"Oh, the Atbomb, then! I don't like saying it."

"Oh, yes. Nuclear fission."

"That's what I said. And when you've said that," Mr. Bostock declared sternly—"you've said enough."

He mused for a moment, but presently brightened and went on: "One thing, though; now the war's over we shall be getting some decent books. I think that's been one of the worst things. All these horrors for six years and nothing to buy to read but niminy-piminy pamphlets about aircraft recognition or how to dismantle a sprocket-mortar—"

"Spigot-mortar."

"Whatever it is." He laid a hand on my sleeve. "Well, I'm going across the road to line up for a cabbage."

"Good luck," I said. "I must say I agree with you about the books."

"So do I," he said—for he was poised for a plunge into the traffic. From the farther shore he presently shouted reedily, "The only thing is of course they'll all be about the war!"

I almost heard him sigh as he placed a "Dreadnought" between his lips and tacked himself on to the queue.

J. B. B.

## The Swallow

THE swallow flies to Italy.  
Our winter makes him glum.  
He thinks he's sitting prettily  
And other birds are dumb.

But if the other birds are dumb  
The swallow must be dumber.  
Despite the years and years he's come  
He thinks we have a summer.

## A Horse in a Million

"These three fought out a good finish throughout the last furlong, Ocean Way forging ahead near the post to win by half a mile; three-quarters of a length. Time, 2 min. 5 3-5 sec."—*Sporting paper.*

## It Never Leaves Them.

I ENTERED the popular side and climbed to about the seventh tier. It was the opening match of the season and there was a good crowd. My neighbour, a man wearing a noble black Homburg hat slightly too large for him, with wrinkled flannel trousers, produced a small rolled appliance and a packet of tobacco. Sixty or thereabouts I judged him to be. He fiddled with the appliance and a cigarette popped out. He manufactured another and passed it to me.

"I couldn't manage it till I got this gadget," he divulged. "Before that I'd about three strands o' tobacco in the paper and I nearly set me moustache on fire, or both ends was 'anging out like tassels."

I thanked him and lit the cigarette. It burned unevenly and bent downward almost at right angles, but at least it was a cigarette.

"Dunno where they've all got to, mister. Wholesalers, retailers, all the perishing lot of 'em reckon it's not their fault. Muss be the fairies."

I agreed that there was a cigarette shortage.

"By rights I should be in the chair. 'Aven't seen a match since afore the war. I was gettin' then as I wasn't as crazy about it. Growing older I reckon. Fires dying down."

I observed that advancing age did have a sobering effect.

"I came 'ome from the foundry this afternoon. Washed, changed and 'ad me dinner. Wife went out shopping. I pulled the chair to the fire. Snuggled down. Then I saw the fixture list.

Everton, Sunderland, 'Uddersfield Town."

There was magic in the names, I hazarded.

"That's it, mister. And don't I know it. I've seen this lot play 'em all. Follered 'em up hill and down dale. Nobody was madder than me. Ask 'em at Snigsby and Booth's. I'd come 'ome in me dirt. Wash meself with one 'and and be eating a sandwidge with the other. Put me red-and-white billycock on and run to the station with me ricker in me 'and. Catching the special. Getting behind the other lot's goal. Whirling me ricker. Yelling and bawling and trying to draw one or two in. Youth, mister, 'ot youth!"

At this stage the teams entered the field.

"Five or six o' the pre-war team mixed wi' some new lads. A nice sprinkling. Sampey's broadened out. Back from the Miggle East, 'im."

The game commenced. Apropos of the surrounding roar my companion commented:

"'Earken to 'em. It's good to 'ear it even if yer don't feel like jining in yourself. Livens things up a bit. I've been through it all meself. You get past it, though. Moderation, moderation!"

A home player got possession of the ball. He was working it excellently when he slipped and fell.

"'Ardest," observed my companion, with Socratic calm.

The home team made all the play initially and soon someone pushed the ball through to the centre-forward.

Immediately the referee's whistle sounded.

"Dear me. Offside. Some o' these lads are juss a shade too eager. A near thing, though. Ref. muss have 'ad the calipers out there."

Presently another home forward was given the ball. My companion began softly to advise him.

"Come on, boy. Steady now. Switch it across. To the wing, to the wing. 'Ello! What's 'e blown for now? 'Ands! I didn't see no 'ands." He consulted the programme. "Where's 'e come from, this ref.? I thought as much, about ten miles from the visitin' team."

The home centre-forward, an irrepressible young man, now tore down the middle of the field. Nearer and nearer he got and a goal seemed certain when an opposing full-back charged and upended him. To me it seemed a fair charge, but my companion evidently thought differently. For twenty yards around no one could hear for him. "Foul! Why doesn't 'e blow? Penalty! Deliberate!"

But play proceeded, and so did my companion. He had an extraordinarily piercing voice that must have caused some of the pots to ring in the nearby refreshment bar. His face worked convulsively. He halted to gain breath and then addressed the referee more vociferously than before.

"Write to the War Office. Write to the War Office and ask 'em for yer bynokers back. They'll 'ave finished with 'em now. And if ever a feller needed a pair . . ."



NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.

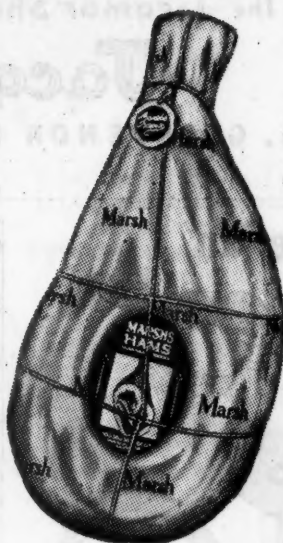
CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



THE FINEST HAM IN THE WORLD...

# MARSH'S HAM

● You can't get them now, but they will be produced again by Marsh's from sound well-bred stock reared by British Farmers. Something to which to look forward.



MARSH & BAXTER LTD., BRIERLEY HILL

# The name Ferranti in the realm of Radar

In the Summer of 1939 the Government showed us a model of a device conceived by Air Ministry Research Staff. They asked us to develop and produce it. The result in October 1939 was radar equipment

# I F F Identification Friend or foe

I.F.F. is a Receiver-Transmitter device fitted to every Allied plane which automatically returns a coded reply to radar signal. I.F.F. was the reason why Allied planes could operate day and night without confusing Anti-Aircraft defences. Without I.F.F. an efficient air-raid warning system would have been impossible.

FERRANTI LTD · HEAD OFFICE: HOLLINWOOD · LANCs.



# Little and Good!



Just like the OXO cube—the little that means so much.



"They're putting the old home right again. We'll be able to move in soon."

"I hope so, dear!—then with a rub of 'Mansion' you'll soon make the place bright, clean and healthy."

# MANSION

ANTISEPTIC WAX **POLISH**  
FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINO

Use sparingly—still in short supply

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4

MP/SP

**KENT Best British Brushes**



**KENT**  
EST. 1777  
ENGLAND

**PERFUME PAD**  
BRISTLES TAKE OUT TO WASH  
HANDLEBACK NEVER SPOILT  
BY WATER  
ABSOLUTE CLEANLINESS AT  
BRISTLE ROOTS

*It's Worth Waiting For!*

**G. B. KENT & SONS LTD., 24 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1**

## Jacqmar Printed Dress Materials

Exclusive non-topical designs on finest quality spun rayon - Patterns cannot be sent as only a limited quantity is available at the "Jacqmar Shops" or direct from

# Jacqmar

16, GROSVENOR STREET LONDON, W.1

Healthy dogs  
make  
good companions

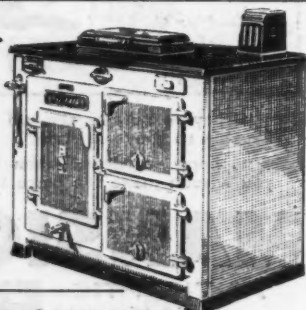


**BOB MARTIN'S**  
Condition Powder Tablets  
**keep dogs fit**

THE CHURCH ARMY WORK for the Forces continues in France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Central Mediterranean, Middle East, India and at home. They still need the many facilities offered by the Church Army Recreation Huts, Leave Hostels and Mobile and Static Canteens. You, by your gifts, can give happiness to men and women in the Services. Please send to The Rev. Prebendary Hubert H. Treacher, The Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1. (Regd. War Charities Act 1940.)

Have YOU  
a 'FAIRY' in  
your home?

The ESSE FAIRY  
No. 3, with one  
fire, always alight, combines heat  
storage cooking with hot water  
supply, at a fuel cost amazingly  
low. Burns solid smokeless fuel.



### THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY

Proprietors: SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD. Established 1854  
Head Office & Works: BONNYBRIDGE, STIRLINGSHIRE  
London Showrooms & Advisory Dept: 46 DAVIES STREET, W.1

If you're an



The steel tube people, who have done so much to help better, quicker, cheaper production, are now doing their best to upset the insect world.

The queer but clever tubular manipulations you see here are made by the Talbot-Stead Tube Company for the Department of Industrial Research — they are parts of an apparatus for the testing of the resistance of insect pests to fumigants. Unlucky pests!

An Advertisement published by  Tube Investments Limited for

**TALBOT-STEAD TUBE COMPANY LTD**

GREEN LANE · WALSALL

### FROG MODEL AIRCRAFT

International Model Aircraft Ltd., have been 100% on war work, that is why there haven't been any FROG model aircraft for the last five years. It won't be long now before FROG models will once again be available.



Sole Concessionaires: —  
LINES BROS. LTD., LONDON, S.W.19

### EPHEDROL

RELIEVES COLDS  
AND CATARRH

A "sniff" at bedtime  
clears the nasal passages  
Chemists, 1/6 & 3/4 (including  
Purchase Tax), or post-free from  
CLAY & ABRAHAM LTD.  
LIVERPOOL. Est. 1813. C.E. & S.



To relieve  
skin irritations

The instant Cuticura brand Ointment touches the skin all itching and irritation stop. Its unrivalled antiseptic action instantly kills infectious germs and prevents blood poisoning. For swift, clean healing of eruptions, rashes and skin injuries Cuticura is unbeatable. Of Chemists, 2/10 & 1/5

**Cuticura**  
OINTMENT

HEADACHE?  
Clearly a case for

**Cephos**  
THE PHYSICIANS' REMEDY

1/3 & 3/-  
SOLD  
EVERYWHERE

*The*  
**Tobacco**



IN THREE STRENGTHS  
MILD—MEDIUM—FULL  
at 3/3d. per ounce

Established  
1837

**HEAVY DUTY  
NEEDS  
HEAVY DUTY  
FLOORING..**



## TRI-PEDAL UNIT SYSTEM IRON PAVING

There's nothing like cast iron! Especially when it's Tri-pedal Iron Paving made up from unit-tiles with the unique three-point suspension. They cannot rock or become uneven; they resist impact of heavy loads, are non-dusting, and nearly everlasting.

Specify Tri-Pedal.



**THE BUTTERLEY COMPANY LTD. · RIPLEY · DERBY**

London Office:  
2, Caxton St., Westminster, S.W.1

EST. 23

**Wearers  
of  
Dentures**



Put your dentures into a tumbler of warm water with a capful of STERADENT in it. Stir well. While you sleep STERADENT gets to work. This cleansing solution removes film and stains. STERADENT sterilizes your false teeth by its harmless, active energy. In the morning rinse thoroughly, preferably under a tap. Ask your chemist for it.

# Steradent

FOR ALL DENTURES, INCLUDING THE NEW ACRYLIC RESINS  
STERADENT LIMITED, HULL & LONDON

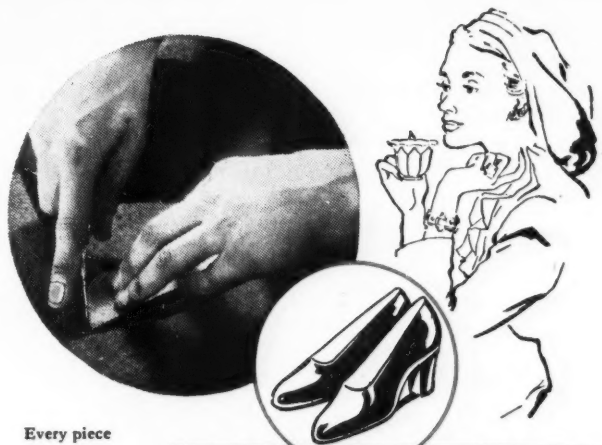
## A BISCUIT KEEPS YOU GOING...



As a compact energy food Biscuits have made a big contribution to the war effort.



Issued by the Cake & Biscuit Manufacturers War Time Alliance Ltd  
CVS-117



Every piece of leather in your Liberty Shoes is specially cut and chosen by an expert craftsman

## Walk with Liberty

It is the assurance of quality in every detail of the material and workmanship of your smart, exclusive Liberty Shoes that makes it such a real pleasure to Walk with Liberty. So many people are aware of Liberty quality that increased demand makes supply a little difficult in these times.



LIBERTY SHOES Ltd., Leicester



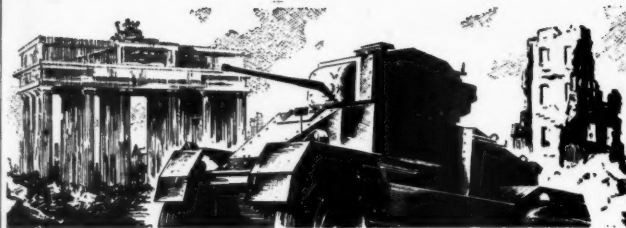


What is  
the sportsman  
looking forward  
to bagging a brace of?



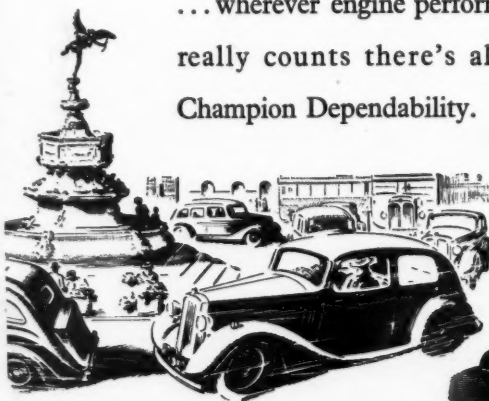
WOLSEY

*Cardinal*  
SOCKS.



## *Berlin-or Britain* **DEPENDABILITY**

In the culminating triumph of two European wars, as British tanks roll through the Brandenburg Gate in battered Berlin, or in the thronging traffic of Piccadilly Circus, the hub of the Empire ... wherever engine performance really counts there's always Champion Dependability.



CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LTD.,  
FELTHAM, MIDDLESEX



# CHAMPION PLUGS